

POEMS

BY

T. DOBB.

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POEMS AND VERSES.

BY

THOMAS DOBB.

WITH A SHORT PREFACE.

BY

PHILIP DAVIES.



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PREFACE.

BEFORE commencing to read the following works, I should like the reader to know a little of the writer's career. They are the work of a solely self-educated man, he not having had a day's schooling in his life. At the age of 15, not being able either to read or write, his mother then gave him his first lessons in these two necessary requirements. Since that time he has striven to obtain for himself sufficient education and material for this book, and I am sure that the reader will agree with me in proclaiming that his labours have not been lost. The author, who is now at the advanced age of 70 years, hopes that in its perusal it will afford the reader the same pleasure that he has found in the writing.

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THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

YOU see yon ancient homestead,
There standing all alone ;
Whose garden walks are choked with weeds,
Whose walls are ivy grown ;
Whose palisade and foot-scape,
Have dropped away in rust ;
Whose windows are all draped about
With spider web and dust.
The bucket at the old draw well,
Has fallen to decay :
The rope, handle, and barrel too,
Will soon have passed away.
The kennel where the watch dog slept
Has all to pieces gone,
And in the stable yard the grass
Grows thick betwixt each stone.
For years there has never been
A soul—so people say—
Would dwell within that lonely house,
Not even for a day ;
And villagers often tell a tale,

With faces ghastly white,
 Of what they see and what they hear,
 Whilst passing there at night.
 They say a figure darkly clad,
 With mask upon his face,
 Creeps with a slow and stealthy step,
 Around yon lonely place.
 They say they hear a sharp, short sound,
 Just like a pistol shot,
 And then they hear a female shriek,
 Come from that lonely spot.
 But stay, 'twere better that I should
 The story here begin,
 And in the proper places, let
 The characters walk in.

* * * *

'Tis said that years and years ago,
 How long I cannot tell,
 Within that ancient homestead,
 An aged man did dwell ;
 And he an only daughter had,
 A creature young and fair,
 Who tended to his home affairs
 With a matronly care.
 No other creature save these two
 Dwelt in that lonely place ;
 No stranger ever sought that door,
 That I could ever trace ;
 And it was whispered far and wide,
 By young as well as old,
 That in the miser's house there was

Great heaps of shining gold ;
 And that he kept it in a chest,
 With title deeds of land—
 A strong oak chest, all bound about,
 With many an iron band.
 There is a room in that old house,
 Which in the years long gone,
 Had to its window iron bars,
 Set in the solid stone.
 So there the old man placed the chest,
 With all its golden store ;
 He had a sturdy iron bar,
 And stout lock to the door ;
 And often as the evening fell,
 There would the old man steel,
 And down beside the old oak chest,
 Upon the floor would kneel,
 As with an eager trembling hand,
 Would he each lock undo ;
 Then shriek with joy to see his gold
 As back the lid he threw.
 He'd work his hands with childish glee
 Among the yellow coin,
 And whisper o'er and o'er again :
 " They're mine, all, all are mine !
 I struggled hard for many a year,
 I saved you one by one ;
 But few there are, I have no doubt,
 Would do as I have done.
 Ah ! there you are, safe as a bank—
 Nay, safer, banks oft break,

And in a moment all is lost
 That took so long to make ;
 But here within this little room,
 With window iron barred,
 A door with its stout lock and bolt,
 And all night long a guard.
 Who says my treasure is not safe
 Can surely not be sane ! ”
 He then would take a long last look,
 And close the lid again ;
 And when with care he'd shot each lock
 To make the chest secure,
 He'd lay a pistol on the lid,
 Then walking towards the door,
 Would cry aloud : “ Come daughter, come,
 The day its length has run,
 And as night's shadows gather fast,
 'Tis time your task began.”
 Then would she step into the room,
 And as he closed the door,
 He bade her spend a watchful night
 As oft she'd done before.
 So then he shot the ponderous lock,
 And placed the bar aright ;
 Then left her in that dismal place,
 Alone to spend the night.
 He left her in that lonely place,
 A maiden young and fair !
 But few there are, e'en among men,
 Her nightly task would dare.
 Then would he creep with tottering steps,

Down to his lonely room,
To sit and muse, till nodding sleep,
Shut out the evening gloom.
And whilst he dreamed the night away,
All shivering and cold,
His daughter sat in fear and dread,
Watching the hoarded gold ;
Fearing that every sound she heard
Was some thief's stealthy step,
Coming to rob them of their gold—
And then her heart would leap ;
As from the chest with sudden start,
The pistol in her hand,
Just like a figure cut in stone,
With staring eyes she stand.
So many, many nights had passed,
At length the trial came,
She heard a step come creeping on,
Her horror, who shall name ?
On, on it came ; at length it stopped
Beneath that window small,
And then she heard a grating sound
Like boots scraped 'against a wall.
How stolidly she stood to guard,
The riches, who shall tell ?
Full truly she performed her task,
Full honestly and well.
At length the moon broke from a cloud
And by its gentle light
She watched ! The scraping sound went on ;
At length there came in sight,

A hand, that seized one of the bars—
 A hand both rough and strong—
 That strove to wrench it from its place,
 Nor did it struggle long ;
 For soon the iron bar gave way,
 And with a ratling sound,
 It left its socket in the stone,
 And fell upon the ground.
 And then by slow degrees she saw
 A face rise on her view,
 And gaze into that little room,
 Then wild her pulses grew ;
 As through her every vein the blood
 Coursed with a speed tenfold.
 Yet firm she stood, and would with life,
 Defend her father's gold.
 A moment, and the little sash
 Flew in against the wall ;
 The pistol in an instant flashed
 And then was heard a fall.
 'Then with a long unearthly shriek
 ('The nerve strain being o'er)
 The maiden in a death-like swoon,
 Fell prone upon the floor.

* * * *

The morning came, and with it rose
 The old man from his dream,
 He had not heard the pistol shot,
 He had not heard the scream.
 So up the stairs he tottered,
 And soon unbarred the door ;

Oh, horror ! there the daughter lay
 Pale, cold upon the floor.
 He stooped and kissed his darlings lips,
 And pressed her form so cold,
 And breathed full many a bitter curse
 Against the yellow gold.
 He strove to bring her back to life,
 He called aloud her name ;
 And then again, he kissed her lips,
 And raised her rigid frame ;
 He rubbed her hand and bathed her brow,
 He did what ere he could,
 Back to the lips to bring the breath,
 Back to the cheek the blood.
 'Twas all in vain, she breathed no more,
 And from that very day,
 The old house it has been haunted,
 So the village gossips say.



A T R E B L E P U N .



Abernethy and Parr, whilst walking one day,
 Met Doctor Homer, when Parr chanced to say :
 " Homer's Odd-I-see " (*Odyssey*). Then, with face bright
 and glad,
 Abernethy replied : " Homer's ' Ill-I-add " (*Iliad*).
 When Homer, whose wit naught ever could mar,
 Having heard what was said cried, " That's above Parr."

A P O E M .

STANDING here on this rising ground,
And looking 'wards the west,
You see as fair a little scene,
I'm sure as ever bless'd
The eye of a landscape painter,
In search of something fair,
In that pretty little village
So sweetly nestled there :
Among those fine old beechen trees,
Whose tops look silvery grey,
As now we see them gilded by
The glorious sun's bright ray.
'Twas but a very little place,
And yet, 'tis very fair ;
For each cottage has its garden,
Whose flowers scent the air ;
And trained about each cottage wall,
Are pear, and plum, and vine, .
And the rose and honeysuckle,
The ivy and woodbine,
Are all so neatly kept and trim,
Or flower bed or tree,
That I am proud to own the place
Of my nativity.
I grew to manhood in the home
In which my parents dwell ;
'Tis many years since I was there,
And yet I know it well ;

It stands to the right—the third house,
 Counting the village store ;
 There's a rose and honeysuckle,
 Twines round about the door.
 How the warm hearts of my parents,
 Will leap for very joy,
 To welcome back to the old home
 Their long-lost wand'ring boy.

This was the cause of my leaving,
 Yon happy little place :
 Mary, a neighbour's daughter, with
 A bright betwitching face,
 Won my heart, though she sought it not,
 Neither by word nor deed,
 For she loved another, did Mary,
 And so I ceased to plead ;
 But I could not bear to see her
 To another wedded be,
 So I left my home and parents,
 And fled across the sea.

I fled, and wandered far and wide,
 To lands beyond the sea, .
 And yet the thought of that dear girl
 Was present still with me ;
 In waking hours, or when I dream'd,
 'Twas ever still the same ;
 I loved to think of my old home,
 And whisper Mary's name ;
 I always felt there'd come a time
 When I should cease to roam,

And hasten back to friends and kin—
To Mary and to home.

Well, Mary and Richard married,
They loved each other well ;
He built them a little cottage,
In which they chose to dwell ;
It was near her parent's homestead,
And happy I've heard were they,
From the moment they were married,
E'en to his dying day ;
For Richard, though hale and hearty,
Robust in every limb,
Tho' passing many frailer forms,
Death set his seal on him.

And Richard died, leaving his wife
Three pledges of their love
(I pray his soul with his Maker
May dwell in heaven above).
For kind and tender-hearted, he
Was ever to the poor ;
They were sure to find a welcome
Within his cottage door.
He loved to give them all he could
From out his little store,
Knowing, "He lendeth to the Lord
Who giveth to the poor."

I must check myself a moment,
To make my tale quite plain ;
I had in my many rambles
Often crossed the main.

It chanced to San Francisco,
 I'd been to sell some gold,
 I met a friend from home and he
 To me the story told
 Of Richard's death. I felt my heart
 Swell, till it gave me pain,
 And I knew my love for Mary
 Had sprung to life again.

And so I then and there resolved
 To hasten back amain,
 To see our dear old England,
 My native land again.
 Again to see my cottage home,
 With a heart brimful of joy,
 Again to tread each scene I loved,
 So well, when but a boy ;
 And I shall hear my father's voice,
 Give welcome full of bliss ;
 Whilst mother's heart too full for words,
 Will welcome with a kiss.

And Mary, whom I long to see—
 Her whom I love so well,
 Who round about my wandering life
 Hath ever cast a spell.
 I long to offer her my hand,
 To ask her for my wife,
 That we in happiness may pass,
 The last few years of life.
 Dear girl ! my heart was all her own
 In the years passed away ;

And it hath ever constant been
 E'en to the present day.

But I must haste to meet the friends,
 I have not seen for years,
 To press my good old father's hand,
 And dry my mother's tears.
 I've dreamed of them in waking hours,
 I've seen them in my sleep ;
 I've thought of them, until the tears
 Adown my cheeks would creep ;
 And I've longed to be beside them,
 In the old-accustomed place,
 To see the joy light once again
 In each familiar face.




TRY TO IMPROVE.



Be it still your constant effort,
 To improve in every way ;
 And, though great your store of knowledge,
 Add a something every day.
 Add a something, all is needed,
 In the daily toil and strife,
 That we each have to encounter,
 As we battle on through life.
 And—as soldier armed for action—
 Let it be with me and you,
 Using knowledge as the armour,
 That shall bear us safely through.

“A LIFE FOR A LIFE.”


 IT was in the sweet spring-time of the year,
 When the gladsome earth dons her fairest gear ;
 And flowers of fairest dyes burst on the sight ;
 When sweet-breathed blossoms, beautiful and white,
 Decked full many a tree, whose branches made
 The pretty violet a pleasant shade ;
 When in the hedge the bluebell nods with joy,
 And bends to kiss the light wind passing by.
 It was in the sweet spring-time of the year,
 A tale of love was breathed in Mary's ear,
 By one whose every tone was music sweet,
 Whose lightest touch would make her fond heart beat ;
 Whose absence from her side would cause her to sigh ;
 Whose presence ever gave her heart new joy ;
 For oh ! she loved, and loved but him alone,
 Her heart—her life, indeed—were all his own.
 It was in the summer-time of the year,
 When earth in all its glory doth appear ;
 And fruitful trees do change their blossom fair,
 To lustrous fruits, whose sweetness scents the air .
 When all around the ripening corn is seen,
 Changing for a golden hue its once bright green ;
 When midst their full-fledged broods in tones of love,
 The elder birds make musical each grove.
 It was in the summer-time of the year,
 When the rich harvest-time was drawing near ;
 That sweetly smiled the brightly beaming eye,
 Of Mary, for her heart was full of joy ;
 For him she loved seemed oh ! so kind, so true,

That not a doubt her loving, fond heart knew ;
 But from her dream she wakes to find, that he—
 A villian—is, as false as false can be.

It was in the autumn-time of the year,
 When the rich, green foliage begins to sear,
 And from the bosom of the fruitful earth,
 That gave unto the ripened corn its birth.
 The harvest has been gathered in, and the trees
 With branches bare, mourn to the passing breeze,
 That their grand summer garments fade away,
 And leave their leafless branches cold and grey.

It was in the autumn-time of the year,
 Bright eyes grew dim, once beautiful and clear ;
 For he, who 'woke their smile, had left the side
 Of her, whom he had vowed to make his bride.
 He, who had sworn, had broken every vow,
 And Mary's heart, ah ! it was broken now ;
 But he, who broke that heart, shall know no joy—
 He'll live unloved, and unlamented die.

It was in the autumn-time of the year,
 A tale of horror reached poor Mary's ear ;
 Her rival fair had met with naught but strife,
 E'en from the moment she became the wife
 Of him, whose every word was false as hell,
 And by his dastard hand at last she fell,
 No more to rise from where she bleeding lay,
 A bruised, a mangled heap of lifeless clay.

It was in the winter-time of the year,
 Whose darkness fills the gloomy soul with fear ;
 Dread deeds are done when earth is wrapped in night,


By guilty creatures who still shun the light.
 'Tis such an one who, from his victim dead,
 Now rushes wildly on, his hands still red
 With blood of hers—his wife—so young, so fair,
 Whose dying shriek had rent the midnight air.

It was in the winter-time of the year,
 His soul, as dark as erebus with fear,
 A man kneeled down upon a river strand,
 And strove to cleanse the stain that dyed his hand.
 It would not move, he strove, but all in vain,
 It still remained, and burned into his very brain,
 Until, in mad despair, he swore his life
 Should pay the forfeit for his murdered wife.

It was in the winter-time of the year,
 When everything looks disolate and drear,
 A guilty creature, walking by a stream,
 Gazed on the waters dark, as in a dream ;
 And whispered to himself, as there he strayed—
 “ ‘A life for a life,’ the debt shall be paid ;
 Why crawl 'twixt earth and heaven in misery ?
 One plunge, and it is done, the soul is free.”

It was in the winter-time of the year,
 The dark river roled with a murmur drear,
 And tossed from its waters a mangled form,
 As madly it rushed in the gathering storm.
 Onward, still onward, away to the sea,
 On through the storm, unfettered and free ;
 And the form that was left by the rushing tide,
 Was he that had murdered his fair young bride.

LOST TREASURES.

 WAS in the beautiful spring-time,
When nature was glad and gay,
A youth and maiden married were,
And who so happy as they?
For their hearts were together bound
By the holy bond of love,
Such as we feel the angels know,
Who dwell in the realms above.

And happy, indeed, was their home,
As an earthly home can be,
For through the Saviour, night and morn,
They sought God on bended knee ;
And they always asked a blessing
On all that they strove to do,
So it was they ever prospered—
As the righteous still will do.

Full quick, on light wing passing,
Time brought them many a joy ;
But their fairest, brightest treasure
Was a lovely baby boy.
Fair as an angel's face to look on
Was the baby God had sent ;
And their hearts were filled with rapture,
As the willing knee they bent.

But there came a day of sadness,
When they stood beside the bed,

Where their greatest earthly treasure,
 Little baby boy lay dead.
 With sad hearts they faintly falter ;
 " Though for ever he has gone,
 And we feel his loss most keenly ;
 Still, O God ! thy will be done."
 Short the time, and then another
 Baby, beautiful and bright,
 Came to bless them with its presence,
 And again their hearts were light ;
 Now again they feel the rapture,
 That true loving hearts do feel,
 When to God their Heavenly Father
 They in prayerful thanks do kneel.
 And their lives were bright and happy,
 And with joy beyond compare
 They surround their little cherub
 With a loving watchful care ;
 And a great hope grows within them,
 That their baby boy will live,
 And repay them by affection
 For the love that now they give,
 But once more their heads in sorrow
 Bow beside the little bed,
 Where their second little baby,
 As their first, is lying dead ;
 Then the mother pines and sickens,
 And her eyes grow sad and dim ;
 Longing to be with the Saviour,
 For her babies are with him.

Lo ! the grave soon closes o'er her,
 And the man is left alone
 With his heavy load of sorrow
 For the loved ones that are gone ;
 And with sad heart sorely riven
 Prayes he, kneeling on the sod,
 Make me the flowers green again
 That have faded, O my God !



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Suggested by a Picture.



THE day had just closed and the bright stars were
 peeping,
 And winking like sleepers just waked from a
 dream ;
 The moon's silver light on the streamlet was sleeping,
 And bright was the landscape aglow with her beam.
 In fields, where reapers had wrought with the sickle,
 Stood sheafs of ripe corn of a deep golden hue,
 And in the green hedgerows the sweet honey-suckle
 And wild rose were wet with the soft falling dew ;
 And gently the light breeze the ripe fruit was kissing,
 And bearing the sweetness away on its breath,
 (And softly it sighed the while it was passing),
 Through the tall grass to the valley of death ;
 And lo ! through the lattice of each little cottage,
 A rich glow was seen from the fire's ruddy light,

And all was so still in our dear little village,
 It whispered of peace on that fair autumn night.
 But ah ! a poor creature, with face of deep sadness,
 Moved slowly along through the village that night ;
 She reached the old church, then a sweet smile of
 gladness

Illumined her face and it looked angel bright.
 She sought for a grave 'mongst the hundreds around her,
 And laid on its bosom the baby she bore ;
 Against the cold head-stone her pale cheek she
 rested—

A poor weary creature, sad, worn and foot-sore.
 Ah, rest ! weary creature, let sleep close thy eye-lids,
 And peacefully dream of the days that are gone ;
 The days when all knew thee an innocent maiden,
 Shining 'midst beauty the beautiful one ;
 The beautiful one it was that was thy ruin,
 Wooed by a villian who lured thee from home ;
 Thou wert used as a plaything till passion was sated,
 Then thrown on the world in thy sorrow to roam—
 Thou wert thrown on the world with a babe on thy
 bosom ;

Thrown on the world, a foul stain on thy name,
 Feeling a full-hearted love for thy baby,
 The sweet little creature that tells of thy shame !
 And ah ! when the villian that wooed thee and won thee
 Had cast thee aside, how thy soul must have yearned
 To be once again 'mong the haunts of thy childhood,
 So to the old homestead thy saddened heart turned.
 And now with thy tiny babe pressed to thy bosom,
 All hungry and footsore, all weary and worn,

Thou art resting at last in sight of that homestead,
Where loving ones long for the lost one's return.

* * * *

An old man whose footsteps with age has grown feeble,
Whose locks are as white as the unsullied snow,
Whose brow has been wrought into many a wrinkle,
Has entered the ground by the wicket gate now ;
And slow as he paces, all sadly and thoughtful,
He sees on the grave of his darling long dead ;
The babe and its mother are both soundly sleeping. :
Ah ! wanderer, now all thy sorrows have fled.
Ah yes ! all thy sorrows have left thee for ever,
For pulseless and cold is thy crushed heart at last ;
And there as you rest on the grave of your mother,
Your face wears the sweetness it owned in the past.
How quickly your father's dim eyes light with pleasure,
How quickly he kneels on the ground by your side ;
He presses a kiss on those lips closed for ever,
And knows thou art dead, though his darling and
pride.
Now, raising the baby, he presses it closely,
And kisses its tiny lips o'er and o'er,
Then hastens with tottering steps to his cottage,
And panting and feeble he enters the door ;
Panting and feeble he there tells his story,
They haste to the grave-yard and bear home their
dead,
And 'ere many days by the side of her mother,
They lay her to rest in her cold earthly bed.

LESSONS IN LIFE.

HOW oft do we meet, as we journey through life,
 With lessons would save us much trouble and strife,
 If we'd only take heed and store them away

For use in the future, if they're no use to-day.
 Whilst thus I am speaking, there comes to my mind
 A story I heard, that is good as you'll find,
 Containing a lesson for all by the way,
 For use in the future as well as to-day,

The story you'll hear is of a Scotch dame,
 Whose voice was ne'er raised in anger or blame ;
 For other folks faults excuse she would find,
 And still to the erring speak loving and kind.
 It chanced on a day that a neighbour dropped in
 To Jeannet's wee house, and straight did begin
 To tell of the faults of the folks Jeannet knew :
 My certie the list contained not a few.

But for all Jeannet heard, she still would maintain
 "We have each of us faults enough of our ain,
 And we, to be faultless, should certainly seek,
 Ere we of the faults of another should speak."
 In a passion her neighbour explained, "Silly elf !
 You'd find an excuse for the devil himself !
 Now tell me, if aught in the devil you see
 Worth imitation by you or by me ?

You see in all things good lessons, and so
 Tell us the good point the devil can show."

Jeannet looked at her neighbour, then shook her head
 As though to herself. These words she then said :
 “ There’s a lesson, nae doubt, and a good one too,
 That would oft be of use to me and to you ;
 And to keep it in view it would but show our sense—
 Of course I mean his perseverance.”

MARY OF MORVAN.



H ! bright are the eyes, the laughing blue eyes,
 Of dear little Mary of Morvan !
 Clear is her brow as the bright summer skies
 That shine o’er our beautiful Morvan ;
 Like bright burnished gold lies her hair fold on fold,
 And her teeth are like snow, in their whiteness ;
 And morn, noon, and night I am thrilled with delight
 By her smile that’s unmatched for its brightness,

Oh ! sweet are the lips, the glowing ripe lips
 Of dear little Mary of Morvan ;
 The bloom on her cheeks the rose doth eclipse
 That grows in our beautiful Morvan.
 In heart and in mind she is loving and kind—
 Ay, and light is her step as a fairy ;
 And dear unto me as my life pulse is she—
 My own loving, dear little Mary.

BRIGHT EYES.

BRIGHT eyes ! how beautiful are ye,
 When lighted by the laugh of joy ;
 I own their glorious witchery,
 Dear girl ! when ever thou art nigh.

And yet more beautiful to me,
 Those bonny eyes of blue appear,
 When their heavenly light I see,
 Slightly dimm'd by pity's tear.


For as night dews gently falling .
 Doth beautify the rose at morn,
 So the tear of pity's calling
 Doth the brightest eye adorn,

KINDLY SPEAK.

H ! kindly speak ;
 Let no harsh tone be heard ;
 For know, there's magic
 In a kindly word.
 It calls us back,
 When treading errors way ;
 Whilst words of anger
 Drive us still astray.

Oh ! kindly speak,
 For kind words ever soothe
 The heart in trouble,
 And life's rough path smooth ;
 They call forth smiles
 Upon the face to play ;
 Whilst words of anger
 Drive happiness away.

THE DAY THAT LITTLE SISTER DIED.

 HE day that little sister died,
 We gathered round her bed.
 Full well I mind how mother cried,
 " Joseph, our child is dead ! "
 As with a long, convulsive sob
 She kiss'd that snowy brow ;
 And from her eyes fell many a tear,
 As low I whispered in her ear,
 " Sister 's an angel now."

The day that little sister died,
 Tho' I was but a boy,
 I recollect how father sighed,
 And how, with filling eye,
 He gazed upon his darling, dead,
 And press'd his throbbing brow,
 Smoothing her glossy, golden hair,
 I whispered as he breathed a prayer,
 " Sister 's an angel now."

MARY MACREE.



MARY MACREE, in our own island home,
 As children how happy we two used to roam ;
 We have sought the wild violet, hid in the shade,
 To twine in a wild, rosy wreath we had made
 To place on thy brow, dearest Mary, and then
 Our laughter rang merrily out through the glen.
 Though far, far away, I am thinking of thee
 And those bright happy days, dearest Mary Macree.

O Mary Macree ! how my heart leaps with joy
 To see, e'en in fancy, thy bright beaming eye ;
 And wild throbs my heart in ecstatic bliss,
 As I think, dearest girl, of our love-sealing kiss ;
 As we plighted our vows in the days that are gone,
 In our home far away, my beautiful one ;
 As we sat hand in hand 'neath the old hawthorne tree,
 And I felt thou wert mine, dearest Mary Macree.

O Mary Macree ! will the day ever come
 When again I shall see my dear sunny home ;
 And press to my bosom the girl of my heart,
 Never again whilst life lasteth to part ;
 Or must all the joys that I dream of for aye
 Still be but shadows till life's latest day ?
 No ; surely the pleasures I dream of with thee
 Must one day be mine, dearest Mary Macree !

I CHOOSE THE SILENT NIGHT.



CHOOSE the silent night, dear,
 To tell to thee my love,
 Whilst pearly stars are bright, dear,
 In the firmament above.
 The moon her pleasant light, dear,
 Sheds over land and sea ;
 I choose the silent night, dear,
 To whisper love to thee.

I call thee forth to roam, dear,
 While all is still around,
 To tell thee of a home, dear,
 That stands on fairy ground ;
 Where bright flowers bloom around, dear,
 All beautiful to see ;
 That home on fairy ground, dear,
 Say wilt thou share with me ?

By yon pale moon I swear, dear,
 To love but thee alone ;
 And guard with jealous care, dear,
 " My beautiful, my own ! "
 And when the silver hair, dear,
 Plays on thy furrowed brow,
 By yon pale moon I swear, dear,
 " I'll love thee then as now ! "

A GRACEFUL ACT.

The following Lines were written through an incident that occurred
at a Teetotal Meeting.

HE came with a slow and weary step,
To put to the pledge his name,
'T' free himself from the drink fiend's thrall,
And his manhood to proclaim.
To show to the world that he no more
Would be such an abject slave
As bow to the will of appetite,
And take what it chose to crave.

He had drank and led a life of sin,
Had beaten his starving wife,
Had cursed till the children's blood run cold,
In his angry drunken strife.
But now the spirit had touched him sore,
And he knelt to kiss the rod ;
He would sign the pledge, and evermore
Would he seek for strength in God.

Then from the audience out there came
A woman as old as he,
And took from her breast the flower she wore—
'Twas a graceful sight to see
Her trembling hands, as she pinn'd it fast
To the breast of his well-worn coat.
By the kindly deed so kindly done,
The penitent's heart was smote.


He vowed he would keep the flower she gave,
 Though its beauty should fade away ;
 And it still should remind him of his pledge,
 E'en unto his dying day.
 Then a tear fell from his bloodshot eye,
 And he said that from that hour
 He would love his good old wife the more,
 For the giver of that flower.

GIVE ME AS FRIEND.



IVE me as friend as I journey through life
 A man that is honest and true,
 Who never gives way to bombastic boast
 About what he knows or can do ;
 Who never descends from his manhood to aught
 That is paltry, mean, or unkind ;
 Whose actions are ever of honour the soul—
 Ah ! that is the man of my mind.
 Whose hand is still stretched the needy to help—
 Prompted thereto by the heart ;
 Whose word I can take as a sacred bond,
 From which he will never depart.
 These qualities let me but find in a man,
 And him will I trust till life end.
 I'll proffer my hand—I'll give him my heart,
 And proudly proclaim him my friend !

A LESSON.

 HERE'S a lesson I've learned I wish to impart
 To all my good friends, far and near ;
 So, if your attention awhile you will grant,
 I'll dash it off simple and clear.

I have noticed through life, as I've jogged on my way,
 How verdant folk are, as a rule ;
 Like the dog with the meat, at the shadow they snap,
 And the substance they lose like a fool.

For example, you folk who for pleasure do seek
 In the draught that deranges the mind ;
 'Tis the shadow you snap at, and that to your cost,
 As most of you very oft find.
 As you rise in the morn sick and sore from your bed—
 Your head almost splitting, I ween
 You exclaim, whilst the cap of repentance is on,
 O dear ! what a fool I have been !

Well, now, my good friends, if you'd true pleasure find,
 I'll tell you the thing you must do :
 Bid the grog-shop good-bye—it is needful you should—
 And the folk that would lead you thereto.
 Waste not what you earn—lead a true, sober life—
 Be fooled by the shadow no more ;
 You'll scarcely believe, till you've tried for yourself,
 What pleasures this life has in store.

A DAUGHTER OF IRELAND.

A RRAH, boys, it's to Donnybrook Fair that I've been,
 And seen all the sights that are there to be seen ;
 I drank in each tent, and I danced on the green
 With a dear little daughter of Ireland—
 A beautiful little colleen.

The eyes of my darling, like diamonds, are bright,
 Or stars in the heavens, when hoar frost is white ;
 And, begorrah ! myself is brimful with delight
 When near this daughter of Ireland—
 This beautiful little colleen.

Like bright parted rosebuds her lips seem to be,
 When dewdrops are geming floweret and tree ;
 And I know that she keeps all their sweetness for me,
 This dear little daughter of Ireland—
 This beautiful little colleen.

Like peaches, in tint, are the cheeks of my dear,
 When autumn has mellow'd the fruits of the year :
 And their velvety touch makes me feel mighty queer
 When near this daughter of Ireland—
 This beautiful little colleen.

No pearl that is taken from the depth of the sea
 Is brighter, I'm sure ; no, none whiter could be
 Than the teeth of the darling so dear unto me,
 This dear little daughter of Ireland—
 This beautiful little colleen.

She's light as the fawn as she trips o'er the grass,
 Her feet scarcely bending the blades as they pass
 And beauty indeed is the name of my lass,
 My dear little daughter of Ireland—
 My beautiful little colleen.

And now for her heart—sure that's all my own—
 A truer or kinder one never was known ;
 And for my affection I've made it the throne,
 Oh, my own darling daughter of Ireland—
 My beautiful little colleen.

SPEAK NOT TO ME OF BEAUTY.

SPEAK not to me of beauty
 In form of face or limb,
 Give me the maid with loving heart,
 Be she or stout or slim ;
 Though aught but graceful in her form,
 For that I would not care :
 I seek the beauty of the mind—
 'The cultivated and refined,
 And offer homage there.

I seek a kindly, throbbing heart ;
 And when I find the prize,
 I will not ask for golden locks,
 Or bright blue beaming eyes,
 Nor for the fair rose-tinted cheek,
 Nor lip of coral dye,
 Nor even pearly teeth so bright,
 Nor taper fingers spotless white,
 For those I will not sigh.

And yet I would not have you think,
 Were all these charms combined
 In one, with kindly loving heart
 And cultivated mind,

That I would not accept the prize—
 For such indeed she'd be.
 I'd welcome her with open arms,
 And thank my stars that all these charms
 Were given unto me.

A REQUEST.

THE moon beams pleasant, light is streaming
 Far o'er mountain, vale and lea ;
 Then wake, O wake ! my love from dreaming—
 Haste, sweet girl, I wait for thee.
 Waste not the time in idle slumber—
 Moments fraught with pure delight
 Are the moments that I number,
 Stolen from the hours of night.

O haste, my love ! come forth and ramble
 Where the pleasant moonbeams play,
 And the rippling waters gambol,
 Sweetly murmuring on their way.
 Then come forth, my queen of beauty,
 The peaceful hours to swift glide ;
 Whilst the stars are still on duty,
 Come let us ramble side by side.

VISIONS IN A DREAM.

'TWAS night, and I my couch had sought, and stretched my aching limbs thereon. Ah, how I longed for sleep to come and weigh my weary eyelids down ; and yet it would not come, woo it howsoe'er I would. So it was that I did lie and think, and call to mind the things long past—the happy scenes of childhood days, when life was free from clouds of care, but sped like a fairy dream ; and then my days of youth, with those I knew and loved and called my friends—many of whom have passed that bourne where mortal and immortal part : so on to my riper years. How long my thoughts were thus engaged I know not, nor will I dare to say. But this I know—it seemed an age ; for my whole life passed in this review, e'en to the very moment that I laid me down and longed for sleep. At length there grew from out the darkness that enveloped me a small bright spot, like to a tiny star. It grew and grew in size and brightness ; so large, indeed, did it become that for a while my eyes were pained to look upon it ; but still I gazed and gazed, and blinked and gazed again until in course of time my eyes could bear the glare and feel no pain. What I in that bright circle did behold be it my task to tell.

Slowly, and by degrees almost imperceptible, a picture greets my sight. A room, wherein upon a heap of dirty rags three little children lay, whilst near them, upon a broken stool, their sorrowing mother sat, rocking herself to and fro in her grief as she did gaze with tearful eyes upon her starving babes. Anon, the door is open thrust with such a force that from the shaky walls and rotten rafters the loosened

plaster fell, strewing the floor as it did raise a cloud of dust ; then, with a staggering and uncertain step, there enters one, the husband and the father. Up from her stool the mother rose, her weak frame trembling as she stood, and with her shadowy hand pointed where her hungry children lay ; then, in a low and plaintive voice, her mother's heart sent forth its sorrowing wail : " O John, John ! husband, father of these starving babes ! is this fearful life you lead never to end ? Must our children die, and all because their father will not be a man and crush the demon appetite that holds him in its thrall ?" Oh, fie ! fie upon it ! Wake the dormant father in your heart, that, like a giant, he may burst the chain of appetite and be free. Free to love and cherish those dependent on him." Thus spoke the mother ; and I did notice that, while she spoke, her frame did lose its weakness. Erect she stood, and gazed with fearless eye, though dark and scowling grew the drunkard's brow—dark and scowling as his passion rose. Then, with a hissing sound, I heard him cry, " Curse you ! can I never come into my home without your howling in my ears. Take that !" and here he aimed a crushing blow at her, but missed his aim and grazed his hand against the bare brick wall. At this his passion burst all bounds. He caught her by the hair and struck her thrice ; then, snatching up an old and worn knife, he plunged it in her heart ; and as he plucked it hence, she fell—fell without a single groan. And from the gaping gash the life-tide rushed, and like a crimson dye stained her scanty garment ; and there, as still the mother lay, her children gathered round, and from their lips burst forth a cry of anguish, as from my sight the scene did fade away, and darkness once again enveloped me.

And now, again, my mind was busy ; the picture I had seen was now the food for thought. I knew that scenes like these were acted every day, and strove to think what it were best to do that they might be but pictures of the past.

Scarce had I settled to my task of thought, when once again that tiny star appeared, and swelling out once again became a circle great of glowing light ; in which I saw a room with padded walls, and in it stood a man, upon whose brow, broad and high, and full of promise of an intellectual power superior to the mass, the seal of thirty years upon that brow as yet had not been placed. I saw him with one claw-like hand seize and tear his breast, whilst with the other he gripped his hair as if to tear it from its very roots. As thus he stood, I heard him cry, " Help, help ! in God's name, help ! Keep back these fiends ! Oh, keep them back ! " As thus he spoke, he gazed with starting eyes, lit by the light of lunacy. Then back he shrunk with hands stretched out in front, as once again, with shrieking voice, he cried, " Help ! will no one help to keep these devils back ; they gnash and bite, and tear and grin, and show their teeth : they rush at me as if to tear my very vitals out. Hark, how they shriek in their wild joy to see my agony ! Ah, ah ! I have you now," he cried, and dashed a fancied something to the ground ; then down he dropped and rolled about, and laughed and kicked his heels, and threw his arms aloft in wild and frantic joy, till once again the look of horror seized his face as fancy pictured grinning devils floating through the room. Is it not a thing to wonder at that men will drink till reason dies and madness is the master of the man !

Scarce had I time to breathe the sentence here set down than from my view the room was swept away, and in its

place I saw a great crowd gathered that formed a circle many deep, and in their midst were two whose faces told that they were near akin, and yet they fought like demons fierce, with frowning faces. Fought not only with their hands, but with their feet ; and I learned from what I saw and heard that they were brothers, who that night had met in a friendly way. They had drunk together, and had fallen out through something one had said. 'Twas but a joke, but wrongly taken, and so they fought. And now was one—the elder—felled by one fierce blow ; his head struck the ground with such force that it rebounded, and then was heard but one great groan, as through the prostrate form a quiver ran, and all was over. But little time had I to think of this sad scene, for it did fade away and darkness once again enveloped me ; but short the space, for lo ! once more that tiny star shone forth, grew, expanded, and once again became the disc on which I saw another picture. A court-house, and on the bench I saw a gentleman whose face with kindness beamed, whose voice was calm and low, and seemed unused to tones of passion ; and yet at times his words would cut into the very quick. I looked around, and in the dock I saw a great broad-shouldered man with swarthy face, and limbs herculean in proportion. Dark was his brow as he eyed the bruised and beaten creature who, with arm in a sling and bandaged head, stood there as witness against the man—her husband—and as she told her tale the tears did course in quick succession from her blackened eyes adown her cheeks that bore the marks of much ill-usage, and yet she craved for his release, saying “ he was drunk when he did beat her so. He had asked for money, which perhaps she should have given.” Oh, heart of woman, how you cling to him who won


your early love ! To him—no matter how he changes—who won your girlhood's confidence by whispered words of affection. To think that this poor creature should try to screen the brute who, in his drunken frenzy had kicked her until life was near destroyed ; and then, as she in agony of pain did rise and strive to get away, seized her, and with a giant's strength dragged her across a table, when, with a fiendish grin upon his brutish face, he broke her arm across its edge.

Can such a thing as this feel aught of pity or of love, or have respect for any promise made ? No, surely not ; or he would think how, at God's altar, he had vowed to love and cherish her that he had led thereto.

Oh, fie upon it ! that in this nineteenth century's latter end, with all our boasted civilisation and scholastic culture, that we our hand can put on such a brute. Ah, sure, the savage of the farthest Indies—he whom civilisation yet has failed to reach—he who, with his knife, would strip the scalp-lock from his fallen foe and hang it up with pride within his wigwam—he who thinks his squaw inferior to himself, would not be guilty of such an act.



HOPE.

 N your day of tribulation,
 Look you forward still with hope ;
 Be ready, whatsoe'er your trouble,
 With it manfully to cope ;
 Let not affliction overcome you,
 Nor Cast you down in sorrow ;
 Be sure a brighter day will dawn,
 For you, the coming morrow.

Through my life so far I've noticed,
 When the clouds were darkest round,
 That a little ray of sunshine
 To my heart its way hath found ;
 And the worry of the morning,
 With the noon hath passed away,
 And there came a peaceful feeling,
 With the closing of the day.

Thus it is that in my teaching
 I have taken for my text,
 Hope, the bearer of great comfort,
 To the heart when sorely vexed.
 Hope, that whispers to the weary,
 Take ye heart and try again.
 Hope, that whispers to the stricken,
 Soon shall ease each racking pain.

Hope, that to the eye of sorrow
 Bringeth back a pleasant smile,
 And the wan and hollow cheek
 Of its paleness doth begile ;

Hope, that whispers to each creature,
 In its own sweet pleasant way,
 Be not cast down, for to-morrow,
 There will dawn a brighter day.

A RETROSPECT.



FT have we sat within the bower
 That o'erlooks the murmuring rill,
 Whose waters kiss full many a flower
 Ere they reach the distant mill ;
 Thy head upon my breast reclining,
 When the stars peep'd from above,
 My arm thy slender waist entwining
 As we whispered of our love ;
 And a thril of wildest feeling
 Oft has stirr'd within my breast,
 As our mutual love vows sealing
 Thy fond pouting lips I pressed.

Thus the Springtime and the wooing
 Pass'd away, and Summer came ;
 Still the same bright path pursuing,
 Brighter glowed the genial flame.
 Till a bud of passing beauty
 Came to grace our spreading tree,
 Then I felt a holy duty
 Had devolved on you and me ;
 And again, while Summer lasted,
 Buds kept bursting on our sight,

And of heavenly bliss we tasted—
A holy and a pure delight.

So old Time kept stealing on us,
And the summer pass'd away ;
Age, his mark hath left upon us,
Silvering our hair with grey ;
Our eyes are somewhat dimmer growing,
Wrinkles gather on each brow,
Still our love is brightly glowing
As when first we breathed the vow
In the bower by the river,
In the sweet Springtime of life :
So we'll thank our God, the giver
Of all happiness, dear wife.

A SKETCH.



NE morning to my work repairing,
It was, by chance, my lot to see
A girl who had from virtue fallen
Into dire debauchery ;
She had drained the goblet deeply
Of some hell-invented draught,
And had lost both shame and reason
With the liquor she had quaffed ;
And my mind with thoughtful sorrow
Fill'd to see her fallen state,
And a sigh would leave my bosom
Thinking of her pending fate ;

For I saw spread out before her
 That broad path by many trod,
 Where the thoughtless and the wicked
 Travel farther from their God.
 And I know and felt most keenly,
 Better far than words can tell,
 That the end was condemnation
 To eternity in hell.
 And a horror thrill'd within me,
 As conviction rested here,
 That a child of mine might travel
 Onward to a fate so drear.
 So my soul was troubled in me,
 And to God for strength did cry,
 Still to dare, still to battle,
 With the dreadful enemy,
 That has worked so much of ruin,
 That is working ruin still,
 Blighting innocence and virtue,
 Causing men to rob and kill ;
 To the workhouse bringing many,
 To the madhouse and the gaol,
 And in many a home producing
 The widow's and the orphan's wail,
 Dragging down to prostitution
 Many of our sisters dear,
 Causing grief to many a mother,
 Causing childhood many a tear.

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Then, come forward friend and brother,
 Help to raise our standard high,

Pledge yourself to fight beneath it,
 Boldly raise your battle cry ;
 Till the drink fiend has been vanquished,
 And our country is set free,
 From the cause that long has blighted
 And disgraced humanity.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

 O prove the force of example,
 I've a little tale to tell,
 And I think that when you've heard it,
 You will say it proves it well.
 Now, let me see, to tell my story,
 I must characters supply ;
 The first that I shall introduce,
 Is Dick, a little ragged boy,
 Who roamed the streets from morn till night,
 And whose face was never clean,
 Until by chance some boys he met
 Who to a ragged school had been,
 And they told him pretty stories
 That their teacher told each day,
 And the rare games that he taught them,
 In the yard, when out at play.
 And the boy's heart yearned within him,
 To the school he too would go,
 And would hear the pretty stories,
 How to play the games would know.
 Early on the morrow rising,
 He to school his way did take,

Staying not, so eager was he,
E'en his simple food to take,
And with patience there he waited
Till the door was opened wide ;
And as other boys were entering,
Boldly he walked by their side ;
But the teacher stayed his progress,
Telling him, that in that place,
Boys were not allowed to enter
Who had dirty hands and face ;
He must go and wash them cleanly,
Then they'd take him into school
And would do their best to teach him,
But they could not break the rule.
So they took him to the wash house,
And his face and hands made clean,
And his matted hair combed smoothly—
Quite a handsome boy was seen.
So he pass'd the morn in learning,
And a happy boy was he,
For he heard the pretty stories,
And was good, as good could be.
Yes, and when the school was over,
To his home he hastes away,
Staying not in street or alley,
Staying not to join in play.
Soon did he reach the narrow court,
Where he lived among the poor,
And he saw his mother standing,
Arms akimbo, at the door,
And thus, speaking to a neighbour,
Did he hear his mother's voice :

"What strange boy is this that's coming
 Up our court, so clean and nice?
 Bless my soul, why, it's our Richard!
 Sure the like was never seen,
 Why, I scarcely knew thee, Dicky,
 With thy face and hands so clean.
 I can scarce believe my eyes yet,
 Kiss me, Dick, and say its thee;
 Bless thy heart, my little darling,
 A proud mother I should be.
 Who'd have thought that soap and water
 Could have made so great a change;
 I feel myself quite in a muddle,
 For to me it seems so strange,
 That I should not know my Richard,
 This heart's pet and only joy;
 Kiss me, love, and may God bless thee,
 Thou art mother's handsome boy."
 So she tried the wonder working
 Soap and water on her face,
 And her husband home returning,
 Once again, with joy could trace,
 Every charm, each mark of beauty,
 As in youthful bloom they shone,
 When to her he gave his love and
 Knew her heart was all his own.
 So he pressed her to his bosom,
 And a happy man was he,
 As he kiss'd the lips now glowing
 In a flood of ecstasy.
 Then he, too, became a convert,
 For he saw the change with joy,

That was wrought by soap and water
 In his darling wife and boy.
 Well, they all grew very happy,
 For the change became complete,
 They would not have dirt about them
 All things must be clean and sweet.
 Soon the tables, chairs, and dishes,
 Soon the fire grate and floor,
 Soon the window and the door-step—
 Which had ne'er been cleaned before—
 Changed their aspect, and a brightness
 In their little home was seen ;
 For they all became more happy,
 As they all became more clean.
 And their house, now clean and tidy,
 Caused the neighbours round to try,
 And a rivalry sprang 'mongst them,
 With each other did they vie,
 Which could make their home look brightest,
 And most comforts could provide :
 Bless your heart ! they all grew happy,
 As they all in earnest tried.
 And indeed they all succeeded,
 For in comfort now they dwell :
 And so I end the little story
 That I promised for to tell.

PADDY'S DREAM.

Talking of Bulls, if you'll listen awhile,
 I think I have one that will cost you a smile,
 By an Irishman made, who strange though it seem
 One night in his sleep had an illegant dream.
 At least, so he said, when telling the boys,
 Though tears in showers fell from his eyes,
 And he kept on sighing, wiwh made the boys
[scream,
 "Bad luck to you Paddy, come tell us your
[dream.

Says he, "Boys last night when I went to my bed,
 Oh, an illegant dream came into my head,
 I thought I had left the old people at home,
 And was all safe and sound in the City of Rome.
 I went for to visit the palace and Pope,
 His Rev'rance was kinder far than I could hope,
 He put out his hand, Oh, in troth it is true,
 Saying Paddy, my jewel, why then how are you?"

"He bade me sit down to a table so fine,
 Where there were glasses and bottles of wine,
 He said, he thought my taste they would please,
 Says I, thank your Rev'rance, I don't care for these.
 Says he, of the native you'd perhaps take a scoop,
 In troth then, I would, Sir, says I to the Pope.
 Then he took down a bottle, filled a glass do ye see,
 And as true as the day, boys he handed it me."

"Says he, will you take it neat? Paddy agraph,
 Hot water and sugar, are not very far.
 Says I, if it's all the same trouble to you,
 I'll take it in punch as I gen'rally do.

So he went for the kettle, boys, do you see,
 And I 'woke from my sleep ere he got back to me ;
 So I think to myself I've acted the cheat,
 And I'm fretting since then for not taking it neat."

A PRAYER.

O God, my Father and my friend,
 I humbly ask of you,
 To guide me ever in the right
 What'er I strive to do.

And if my trials they are sent
 'That I may better be,
 Teach me to read them all aright
 I humbly ask of Thee.

I seek to live, so that the end,
 May come in peace at last,
 'That I may look with pleasure o'er
 The life that I have past.

And feel a certainty that I
 Though tried have still been true,
 And that in all my deeds and thoughts
 I strove to honour You.

A SUPPLICATION.

O GOD, my Father, and my friend,
 Give me a kind obedient heart ;
 O may I never Thee offend,
 Nor from Thy holy law depart.

Teach me to be what I should be,
 To all Thy creatures great and small;
 O purge all selfishness from me,
 That I may love them one and all.

Let prudence ever guard my tongue,
 May it from unkind words be free;
 Nor ever let my hands do wrong,
 Father, in Heaven, I ask of Thee.

A PRAYER.

O! God, the Creator of Heaven and earth,
 Who gave to each creature its form and its birth;
 With head humbly bowed, and bending of knee,
 I seek, Oh my father, to know Thy decree.

Thou didst send forth our brother, Jesus of old,
 Thy love, to thy creatures, to fully unfold,
 O may the same spirit permeate me,
 I seek it, I ask it, my Father, of Thee.

I fain would grow better, in love I would grow,
 More wise, and more pure, whilst I dwell here below
 So that when I am summond, the spirit may be,
 From the tramels of sin, and impurity free,

O help me, my Father, the height to ascend,
 Then the victory is mine the spirit shall wend,
 Away to the sphere of the good and the true,
 Who are ever progressing nearer to You.

AS OUR COLOURS WE NAIL TO
THE MAST.

While faithful and true to humanity's cause,
Old England has nothing to fear ;
Her sons will stand forth in defence of her laws,
And prove that she has not a peer.
And the flag that has floated free to the breeze
Shall float free as it did in the past ;
Then shout, hip-hurrah, give three hearty cheers,
As our colours we nail to the mast.

We heed not the growl we hear from the north,
We fear not the might of the bear ;
If he dare shew his teeth in a threatening way,
He will find that the Lion's all there.
He knows what the sons of old England can do,
He'd a sample of that in the past,
Then shout, hip-hurrah, give three hearty cheers,
As our colours we nail to the mast.

We have not a wish the sword to unsheath,
We care not to waste human life ;
But if goaded on by Tyrant, why then,
We must mingle again in the strife.
Let no one dare say 'tis through fear we seek peace,
The lie in their teeth we would cast ;
And shout, hip-hurrah, with three hearty cheers,
As our colours we nail to the mast.

THE EMIGRANT'S DREAM.

I dreamt of the home in the far, far land,
Where my childhood passed away ;
When my heart was light as the waves that washed
The beach where I used to play.
I dreamt of the friends that gathered round
The log with its cheerful blaze ;
And a sigh escaped from my heavy heart,
As I dreamed of my childhood's days.

I dreamed of the cot and the garden plot,
And the little harbour green,
Where at night I sat to woo my love,
The villagers' fair young queen.
And I felt her arm around my neck,
And her lips close pressed to mine,
As lovingly my darling whispered,
I am thine, I'm ever thine.


Then I dreamed of the sad, sad parting hour,
For grief was fresh in my soul;
When I saw the big bright tears of sorrow,
Down my Mary's fair cheeks roll.
Ah, me, her face was pale and clouded,
For the smile had left her eye ;
And now again my heart was troubled,
Now again I breathed a sigh.

Then in my dream a vision did I see,
That to my heart gave new joy ;

For Oh ! a bright and happy future
 Seemed in store for you and I.
 Then saw I thee, thy bright eyes smiling,
 And thy cheeks in bloom again :
 And so my heart lost all its sorrow,
 For it felt not now a pain.

Then thrust I forth my arms to clasp thee,
 In the fulness of my joy,
 But from my sight the vision faded,
 For sleep had forsook mine eye.
 The day was bright around me, darling,
 And all things did happy seem,
 Save me, alone in sorrow sighing
 That my bliss was but a dream.

THE HAPPY LITTLE HOME.

 HERE is a little woman and she leads a happy life,
 For to a little sober man she long has been a wife ;
 So long that little chubby faces round them may be
 seen,

Who go to school each morning dress'd tidily and clean,
 For she will not go a-gossiping nor to the alehouse roam,
 But strives to make her little cot a comfortable home.

Her husband of an evening, when returned from daily toil,
 Doth sit him by his own fireside, with happy cheerful smile,

And gazes on his children with a father's beaming eye,
 And to his bosom takes his wife in fulness of his joy ;
 He is a good teetotaler, nor will to alehouse roam,
 For he loves his wife and children and happy little home.

Now in his little cottage, on a bookshelf you may see
 The neatly bound up volumes of his little library,
 Among them stands the bible, which of all books is the
 best,
 And piously he reads it on God's holy day of rest ;
 Let us pray that such good customs more common may
 become,
 They will bring much happiness to many a poor man's home.

He's a pretty little garden that stands before his cot,
 Where blooms the pretty violet and sweet forget-me-not,
 The rose and honeysuckle too, grow sweetly round the door,
 Beneath those twining branches there is welcome for the
 poor ;
 This prayer is heard from lips of all who near his cottage
 come,
 "God bless this good teetotaler and all within his home."

Now if you ask this little man the cause of all his joy,
 You'll see a bright smile lighting up his sparkling little eye,
 And pointing to the temperance pledge, hung in its golden
 frame,
 With joy he'll whisper in your ear his little wife's loved name,
 She taught me that the cause was good, that comforts from
 it come,
 I signed the pledge, you see the fruits, my happy little home.


BE NOT CONTENTED WITH YOUR LOT.

BE not contented with your lot,
 Oh, aim at something higher,
 Ambition is a virtue when
 We to noble deeds aspire.
 And is it not a noble thing
 To aim at being great ;
 Be not contented with your lot,
 Strive still to emulate
 The doings of the deathless ones,
 Those our land is proud to claim ;
 Then onward, onward ever still,
 And upward be your aim.

Be not contented with your lot,
 Why still grovel in the dust ?
 Bare the good right arm for work,
 And in God put your trust ;
 And the task your thus beginning,
 If with energy pursued,
 Must lead to a happy ending,
 Tho' the road be e'er so rude.
 Up, I say, be up and doing,
 For a palace change your cot ;
 But oh, beware the idle teaching,
 "Be contented with your lot."



TO MY WIFE.

HOUGH age has marked thy brow, dear Poll,
 And silver hairs are seen,
 My love it knows a deeper flow
 For thee, my heart's first queen—
 My love it knows a deeper flow
 Than when in early life,
 You gave your hand and heart to me,
 My own, my dear old wife.

Of troubles we have had, dear Poll,
 A very tidy share,
 Yet thy fond love it ever still
 Hath soothed my every care.
 Whate'er may be in store for us,
 O may our future be
 As happy as the present is,
 Dear wife, to you and me.

Our children they have grown, dear Poll,
 To men and women now ;
 What wonder then that silver hairs
 Are seen upon each brow.
 Yet still we'll live to love, dear girl,
 As we have ever done,
 Until our hearts shall cease to beat,
 Till life's last sand be run.

A HELPING HAND.




H may our hands be ever ready
 Those to help who need our aid,
 Nor ever let the poor or needy
 Say we heard their call nor stayed.

Stoop to help a fallen brother,
 And assist him all you can,
 Acting friendly each to other,
 Still should be the aim of man.

We may need help ere life endeth,
 And of this we may be sure,
 That "he to the Lord but lendeth
 Who aid giveth to the poor."
 "Cast your bread upon the waters,"—
 'This is holy writ we're told—
 "And that after many days
 It shall be returned tenfold."


Then be kind to every creature,
 Never let want call in vain,
 Let pity prompt and be your teacher
 As you sooth the bed of pain.
 Never utter words in anger,
 Kindness is the better plan,
 Live at peace with every creature,
 Loving, and beloved by man.

I KNOW.

 KNOW two lips ripely gushing
 As bursting rosebuds bathed in dew,
 I know two cheeks richly blushing
 Just as ripened peaches do,
 I know two eyes brightly shining
 Whene'er my homeward step is heard,
 I feel two arms my neck entwining,
 And hear a whispered welcome word.

And the lips so ripely gushing
 Full closely press themselves to mine,
 And the cheeks so richly blushing
 Do on my shoulder oft recline,
 And the eyes so brightly shining
 Are the lodestars of my life,
 And the arms my neck entwining
 Are the arms of my dear wife.

DOWN BY THE OLD TURNSTILE.

HEN the busy day is ended
 And the evening hour has come,
 When the flowers have closed their petals,
 And the bees have ceased to hum,
 When the stars are gaily winking,
 Shining brightly still the while,
 Then for thee, love, I'll be waiting
 Down beside the old turnstile.

Ah ! you cannot tell how dearly
 That old style is loved by me,
 How 'tis held in fond remembrance,
 As the place I first met thee,
 Where I first beheld thy beauty
 And thy bright bewitching smile,
 There it was I told my love-tale
 Leaning 'gainst the old turnstile.

There it was you gave the promise
 That you would be mine for life,
 Sharing with me joy or sorrow
 As a true and loving wife,
 Striving ever to find comfort
 Whether fortune frown or smile,
 And with kisses sealed the bargain,
 Leaning 'gainst the old turnstile.

MY NELLIE AND I.

BY the pool in the park sat Nelly and I,
 As the bright star of eve peeped out from the sky,
 And sweetly as faded the gentle twilight,
 The moon in her splendour of crystalline light
 Rose high in the heavens, as under love's spell
 By the pool in the park sat me and my Nell.

Her tiny hand lovingly rested in mine,
 As her dear little waist my arm did entwine ;

Few were our words, but ah ! who shall reveal
 The ecstasy we in those moments did feel ?
 We were surely entranced by love's holy spell
 As we sat by the pool in the park, me and Nell.

We heeded not time as he lightly flew by,
 'To us he could bring but the fulness of joy,
 For Nell had consented my dear wife to be,
 And had sealed with a kiss her promise to me ;
 So 'twas by the pool in the park it befell,
 I won for my wife my dear little Nell.

MY LITTLE QUEEN.



WHEN rambling by the river side
 At the evening's close,
 Just when the whole of nature
 Is sinking to repose,
 I press the hand that nestles
 So softly in my own,
 And I breath my passion lowly
 In love's sweetest tone.

'Then whilst my tale I'm telling
 I hear a soft, sweet sigh,
 I feel a bosom swelling,
 I see a downcast eye,
 And I know that there is rapture
 In every word I speak,

I can see it in the rose tint
That's mantling her cheek.

And she, the little darling,
Is all the world to me,
I would not lose her bright smile
Though I a king might be ;
For what were all the wealth of earth,
With sceptre, crown and throne,
If she were not my little queen,
"My beautiful, my own ?"


THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.



MET her on the rustic bridge
That spans the old mill stream,
And gazed upon as fair a face
As e'er graced poet's dream ;
Her eyes of darkest hazel are
With fringes of dark hue,
Her lips are of the red rose tint
When bathed in morning dew,
Her teeth are white as ocean spray
Upon a rocky beach,
Her cheeks are graced with just such bloom
As decks the ripened peach ;
She is in sooth a lovely girl,
Possessed of every grace
That go to make an angel form
And make an angel face.

I stepped aside that she might pass
 Along the narrow way,
 And felt that I had met my fate
 Upon that bridge that day ;
 I felt that something new had come
 At once into my life,
 I felt that I must win her love,
 That she must be my wife :
 So strolling by the old mill stream
 We met full many a day,
 We smiled, we nodded, then we spoke
 All that our hearts would say ;
 She loved me so she blushing said,
 And I loved her as life,
 And now the happy day is named,
 And she will be my wife.

THE SILVER WEDDING DAY.


 LL happiness and joy to thee
 With earnest heart I pray,
 And may the coming morrow be
 A very gladsome day—
 A gladsome day for thee, my girl,
 So let thy gear be gay,
 For know you not that it will be
 Thy silver wedding day.

Yes, twenty-five long years have fled
 Since you become my wife,
 And in that time we certainly
 Have known the cares of life ;
 Yes, we have known the cares of life,
 Nor have they been a few,
 But with stout and determined hearts
 We've bravely battled through.

I would that I could say e'en now,
 The struggle it is past,
 And that into smooth water we
 Had safely come at last.
 A fig for care or future fate,
 To-morrow we'll be gay,
 For know, dear girl, that it will be
 Our silver wedding day.

DARLING LILLY, DEAD.

SHALL I speak of my dear little Lilly,
 My own little darling that's gone ?
 Shall I tell of the bright-eyed sweet creature
 That death has claimed as his own ?


Shall I speak of her face bright and smiling,
 That cheered me when day's toil was o'er ?
 Shall I tell of the heart kind and loving
 Whose throb I shall never feel more ?

Shall I speak of the form like an angel's
 'That's laid now forever at rest?
 Shall I tell of the head bright and golden
 Shall nestle no more on my breast?

Shall I speak of the day when she left me,
 When quitting forever my side?
 Shall I tell of the heart that is breaking
 For Lilly, my beautiful bride?

Shall I speak of the grave where I've laid her,
 Where my tears flow free as the tide?
 Shall I tell the one wish of my bosom
 To be with my beautiful bride?

BROKEN VOWS.


 HAVE listened thy vows of love
 When the night stars brightly shone
 In the cloudless vault above,
 And I thought thee all my own,
 And a thrill of pleasure stealing
 To my trusting heart hath spoken;
 But I cannot stay the feeling
 That thy vows have all been broken.

Yes, thy vows have all been broken,
 Every hope of mine has fled;
 I return thee every token
 Of the love that now is dead—

Every token once so treasured,
 'That shining gold or sparkling gem,
 Were but dross if but measured
 By my value placed on them.

But alas ! 'tis useless moaning—
 Useless thinking of the past ;
 Days that can have no returning,
 Days that were too bright to last.
 Days all spent in loving trusting,
 They are gone for ever now,
 For my idol has been broken
 In the breaking of each vow.

EARLY MORNING.

P with the lark at early morn,
 Brushing the dewy grass,
 Feeling a vigour newly born
 As through fields I pass ;
 Watching the lark soaring aloft
 Piping his carol shrill,
 Losing the sight of his tiny form
 High in the sunshine, bright and warm,
 Yet hearing his sweet song still.

Up with the lark at early morn,
 Breathing the fresh, sweet air,
 Gazing with raptured soul on all
 Things beautiful and fair ;

Winding along the wooded path,
 Tripping the meadows through,
 Watching the wild flowers spread their leaves
 And nod with joy as each bell receives
 Its share of the falling dew.

Up with lark at early morn,
 Seeing the sun's first beams
 Gilding the distant mountain tops,
 Kissing the purling streams,
 Watching their water glisten and glint
 As merrily on they flow,
 Feeling a pleasure only those
 Who out in the early morning goes
 Can ever truly know.

PILE UP THE FIRE.

PILE up the fire the night is chill,
 Keen, keen is the cutting wind ;
 And over every dale and hill
 Is a thick, white wintry rind.
 It is not fit a soul should be
 Abroad on such a night ;
 Pile up the fire and let us see
 It blazing warm and bright.
 And should a stranger seek,
 It shall not be denied,
 But with a welcome he shall share
 Our bright, our warm fireside.

THE ROYAL MAIL.

A Royal Mail was homeward bound,
 A splendid ship was she,
 As ever did in calm or storm
 Breast the heaving sea.
 The captain, he was staunch and true,
 A thorough British tar,
 His ship he sailed with judgment keen,
 By compass, chart and star.

'Twas near the Christmas holidays,
 Which people like to spend,
 Surrounded by their kith and kin,
 With greeting from each friend;
 And so it was he hoped to be,
 Safe in his English port,
 To join the festive song and dance
 And merry Christmas sport.

So days flew by, and well the ship
 Her reputation bore,
 For like a creature full of life,
 She put forth all her power;
 And sailing through the ocean's breast,
 In glorious array.
 The entries in her log came near
 Five hundred miles a day.

This pleased the captain for he knew,
 At this rate he would be,
 In England, for the Christmas tide,
 With its festivity.
 But Ha! there came a sudden change,
 Some clouds to eastwards form;
 Which but too well the captain knew,
 Foretold a coming storm.

So like a wise and thoughtful man,
 He did all he could do,
 To fit his ship to meet the storm,
 And sail her safely through.
 The deck is cleared the canvas furled,
 And every thing made taut
 Yet on the bridge that night he stood,
 In deep and earnest thought.

He thinks of all he has on board,
 Among them is his wife,
 That on the safety of his ship,
 Depended every life.
 So like the brave man that he was,
 He watched the coming storm,
 Determined that what skill could do,
 He'd honestly perform,

And soon fierce gusts of angry wind,
 About the ship did play,
 That from the surface of the sea,
 Sent forth great clouds of spray.
 The ship began to heave and strain,
 From bulwark to her keel,
 And shivered like a thing in dread,
 Nor answered to her wheel.

The passengers at once were bid
 Within their berths to stay,
 Lest from the deck, some mighty wave,
 Might carry them away.
 For now the sea began to work,
 The waves rise mountain high,
 It seemed as though their very tops
 Were bound to touch the sky.
 And now loud peals of thunder break
 With fearful rumbling sound,

Which make the very heart to sink
 In fear most profound.
 And flashes of fierce forked light
 About the ship did fly,
 As lifted by some mountain wave,
 She seemed to reach the sky.

O! God, it is a fearful thing
 In such a storm to be,
 But Thou canst still the angry wave,
 And calm the raging sea ;
 And lock the lightning in its cloud,
 And stay the thunder's roar ;
 And bring back hope to weary hearts,
 And give them rest once more.

How earnestly did every soul,
 Pray for the dawn of day,
 That with the darkness of the night,
 The storm might pass away.
 And that the good ship with its freight,
 Of weak humanity,
 Might ride safe through that fearful storm,
 Into a bright calm sea.

But still the waves rolled mountain high,
 Still peals of thunder sound,
 And fierce as ever blows the wind,
 And lightning plays around.
 And still we ride or high or low
 Upon the sea's rough breast,
 Down, down into a fearful depth,
 Or on some huge wave's crest.

So through the night, the dark, dark night,
 So at the dawn of day ;
 To us it seemed as if the storm,
 Would never pass away ;

And so we pass the dreadful night,
 In sad uncertainty.
 If the good ship would weather through,
 Or sink beneath the sea.

And now the day begins to throw
 Its light across the scene:
 The captain sees but vacant spots,
 Where men last night had been.
 And pity swells within his soul,
 As he with bended head,
 Breathes an earnest prayer for those,
 Now numbered with the dead.

But short the time that he can give,
 To grief, for those who're gone,
 He needs must think of those who live,
 And see what can be done.
 For by a single sad mischance,
 The ship may yet be lost,
 For she is driving with the storm,
 Upon a rocky coast.

Fulwell the captain knows if he
 Her course cannot stay,
 That she will be upon the rocks,
 Ere closing of the day.
 So by the helm he takes his stand,
 And with a joyful thrill,
 He finds her answer to the wheel,
 And move which way he will.

"Thank God," he cried, we'll yet be saved,
 "Amen," a voice replied,

And turning round the captain saw,
 His wife was by his side.

"What do ye here, my love?" he cried,
 "This is no place for thee."

"To share thy danger," she replied,
 "Where thou art I will be."

“And I will take the wheel,” she cried,

“That thou may’st thus be free,”

“To do whatever needs thy aid.”

“Nay have no care for me.”

“For soon the ship will be once more”

“Out in the open sea,”

“And from the dangers of the coast”

“Will once again be free.”

Though still the storm it rages yet,

The waves rise not so high,

Nor is the lightning’s forked flash,

So frequent in the sky.

And though the rain upon the deck,

A deluge seems to pour,

The thunder’s clash is not so loud,

Nor startling as before.

So in the captain’s breast again,

Sweet hope springs up anew,

And gives fresh life and energy,

To his dispiriting crew.

And still his wife is at the wheel,

The ship still struggles on,

And so far as the eye can see,

With little damage done.

And so by sure and slow degrees

The storm moves on its way,

And in the far off distance now,

They see the lightning play.

As calmer grows the angry sea,

And less the fall of rain,

Each breast is filled with hope that they,

Will see their home again.

And so another day goes by,

Another night is past.

And with the dawn of morn they find,

The storm is o’er at last.

And soon the ship is put in trim,
 And on her homeward way,
 And thankful hearts for mercy shown,
 Do now in earnest pray.

They thank their God that through the storm,
 They have in safety come,
 And that the good ship yet will bring,
 Them safe to friends and home.
 Soon from their berths the passengers,
 Are once again set free,
 And gaze with raptured soul upon
 The calm and bright blue sea,

And to each other they recount,
 The dreadful time they spent,
 When the storm was at its height,
 And they in berth close pent,
 And of the flood of joy that filled,
 Their sinking hearts once more,
 When the lightning ceased to flash,
 The thunder ceased to roar.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.

'Twas night, and peaceful citizens
 Their pillows scarce had pressed ;
 When the loud and noisy tosin,
 Broke in upon their rest.
 And in an instant all around
 The city you could hear
 The clash of arms and armed men,
 And sudden cries of fear.
 For Charles the Ninth, that King of France,
 Whose soul was all deceit,
 Had sent red-handed murder out,
 To riot through each street.

This was the edict that he gave :
 "No matter what their class,
 Let not a soul remain alive
 But what accept the mass."
 Full well his butchers did their work
 Of slaughter on that night ;
 Their bloody deeds with horrors teem,
 Too fearful for to write.
 They spared not aged nor the weak,
 But in their passion wild
 They murdered all the grey haired sire,
 The mother and the child.
 Nor stopped they when the life was gone
 From out the quivering frame ;
 But like to fiends belched forth from hell,
 Who pity know nor shame.
 They dabble in their victims' blood,
 And tread them 'neath their feet,
 And drag their mangled forms about,
 With laughter through each street.
 They glory in the work in hand,
 And boast of murders done ;
 With hungry haste to shed more blood,
 From house to house they run,
 Till every path is piled about,
 With heaps of victims slain,
 And every stone on which they tread,
 Can shew a dark blood stain.
 O! God that any creature dare,
 Who bend the knee to you,
 Such deeds as those done on the eve
 Of St. Bartholomew;
 And say 'tis for Thy glory they,
 Their brothers' blood do spill,
 O! foul untruth. For Thy command
 Is that : "Thou shalt not kill."

THE WRONG MAN.

Nigh hand to Cork, one Paddy Flynn,
 As servant lived with Lawyer Quinn.
 And though he'd never been at school,
 The people thought him no great fool.
 He could make a bull, aye, that he could,
 But then that runs in Irish blood,
 So if you'll list awhile I'll tell,
 One made by Paddy few can excel.

It chanced assizes time was on,
 So of to Cork the Lawyer gone,
 But ere from home he'd taken leave,
 He to his wife this message gave,
 Some papers love will soon be here,
 Will tend, my client's case to clear,
 When they arrive let them be,
 Without delay, dispatched to me,

Should they arrive with you to day,
 Let them at once be sent away,
 For I'm advised the case will be,
 To-morrow tried, and so you see,
 The urgent need there is that they
 Should reach me early in the day.
 So for my client's sake do try,
 To let me have them. Now good bye.

His horse he mounts, he waves his hat.
 Let go her head, says he to Pat,
 Then off she canters in good style,
 To cover twenty Irish mile,
 A tidy journey you will say,
 To be complete ere close of day,
 Or ere he will his journey end,
 And have the welcome of his friend.

Now for the papers, they arrive,
 Just as the clock is striking five ;
 So Pat is told in haste that he
 Must in the saddle quickly be,
 And ride that night about half-way ;
 Then rest himself, and horse till day ;
 And on his journey once more go
 Or ere the morning cock shall crow.

Now Pat is an obliging boy,
 What he is asked to do he'll try,
 So getting ready his short work,
 He's quickly on his way to Cork.
 Determined for to carry through
 The task that's given him to do ;
 And cheerily he chants a song
 As on his horse he flies along.

Pat having laid his plans complete,
 If he do no misfortune meet,
 With Dan MacMan, the night he'll stay,
 And rising at the dawn of day
 Will be upon his road again.
 When pushing on with might and main,
 He'll reach Cork town as sure as fate,
 About the time the clock strikes eight.

Pat had so often travelled down
 From Lawyer Quinn's to Cork's own town,
 That every spot he knew full well,
 From peasant's cot to Dan's hotel.
 And he this knowledge had at least,
 That Dan could lodge both man and beast ;
 And 'twas a pleasure true to Pat,
 When he in Dan's snug kitchen sat.

"God save you Dan," says Pat, "my boy,"
 "God save you kindly," Dan's reply,
 "This is for sore eyes a sight,
 What makes you here so late at night?"

Pat told his story, and then he
 Said, "Can you find a bed for me?"
 "I have but one spare bed," said Dan,
 "And that's let to a big black man."
 "Musha," says Pat, "what will I do?"
 "Hold on," says Dan, "the bed holds two.
 "Now if we can but form a plan,
 By which you will not see the man,
 You into bed can snugly creep,
 And have a comfortable sleep;
 And when 'tis time for you to start,
 Myself will wake you pretty smart."

So for a while they thinking sat,
 When Dan turned with a smile to Pat,
 And said, "I've hit upon a plan,
 Will serve your purpose with this man.
 You in the dark must go," he said,
 "And quietly get into bed
 And getting up before 'tis light,
 You won't know if he's black or white."

Now Dan a wag was in his way,
 At playing tricks he was au fait,
 And he has nosed a nice joke that
 He means to play on his friend Pat.
 He'll listen till he's fast asleep,
 Then with some soot and grease he'll creep,
 On tip-toe to the sleeping place,
 And with the mixture smear his face.

Well, all things played into his hand,
 For he has done all that he planned,
 Ere day has dawned, on Pat he cries,
 And tells him he must quickly rise.
 Pat yawns and scratches then his head,
 In haste he rises from the bed,
 Gets on his clothes without delay,
 And soon he is upon his way.

Just let me pause awhile to state,
 Pat will not for a moment wait,
 To break his fast he does refuse,
 Nor will he soap and water use.
 The time thus spent he thinks may be,
 Used with much more utility,
 In pushing on his journey so
 When pressed he firmly answered, "No."

He'd not sped far upon his way,
 When dawns the light of new-born day,
 And then one joyous burst of song,
 Carolled by the feathered throng ;
 And tiny wild flowers wet with dew
 Their grassy bed were peeping through ;
 And bird and tree and flowering sod
 Spoke to the heart of nature's God.

Some peasants on their way to work,
 With scythe, and rake, and spade, and fork,
 Meet Pat, who speeding on his way,
 Has scarcely time a word to say,
 Ere they with laughter, bursting cry :
 "Tarranaighs, what ails the boy?
 Why, man alive what's taken place,
 To change the colour of your face?

"What's changed the colour, traugh," says Pat,
 "Your saucy laughter has done that.
 For sure such laughter and grimaces,
 Would call a blush to modest faces."
 "A blush," they cried, "by gorrah, Pat,
 We ne'er saw man that blushed like that."
 And so with merry laughter they
 Leave Pat, and hasten on their way.

Well, all he met upon the way,
 Whilst riding into Cork that day,
 With laughter bursting, said "Man dear,
 What is it makes you look so queer?

You cut a mighty funny figure,
 With face as black as any nigger.
 Why Pat, agra, what has been done,
 That you look black at every one ?”

With anger rising, Pat rode on,
 Wishing his journey was well done,
 But soon he met his darling Kate,
 Who looked so pretty and so neat,
 In linsty skirt and bodice blue,
 And cheeks like roses in their hue,
 That in an instant I must say,
 All Paddy’s anger died away.

But just when hastening to her side,
 She burst out laughing, and she cried :
 “Go on your way you horrid man,”
 And then in haste, away she ran.
 What this could mean, Pat could not tell,
 He knew that Katty loved him well.
 To see her laugh, and run away,
 Made Paddy anything but gay.

So on he rode in sullen mood,
 His temper anything but good ;
 And soon he reached the house where he
 Was told that Lawyer Quinn would be.
 He rung the bell in eager haste,
 Not wishing more time to waste,
 Glad that his journey’s end had come,
 And he would soon be jogging home.

And now the door is open thrown,
 By one to whom Pat is well known,
 But ere he stepped inside the door,
 He’s greeted with a merry roar
 Of laughter which, but gals him more
 And he is more cross than before.
 With manners scant, he pushes in,
 And says, “I’ve come to Lawyer Quinn.”

The host and guests at breakfast were
 In full enjoyment of the fare.
 When suddenly the door thrust in,
 Disclosed the face of Paddy Flinn ;
 And there was horror in that face.
 For just above the fire-place,
 A looking-glass shewed that he
 Had face as black as black could be.

All in the room seemed quite amazed,
 Whilst open mouthed Pat stood and gazed,
 As woefully he scratched his head,
 'Till finding voice, at length he said :
 " O musha, murder, what will I do ?
 May bad luck o'er take that Dan,
 For by my soul the blackguard has
 Gone and 'wakened the wrong MAN. "

A POEM.

Part I of this poem will be found on page 8.

My Father's home, it seems unchanged,
 Since when I saw it last,
 And yet, some twelve long years, I'm sure,
 Must over it have passed.
 The flower beds still seem to be,
 Those that I left in bloom,
 Those seem the very roses, too,
 That peeped into my room.
 Now if old Tray would welcome me,
 The past would surely seem,
 As if the whole of it had been,
 A long and troubled dream.

I'll enter now, be still my heart,
 For calm I fain would be,
 Whilst I enquiry do make
 For someone known to me :
 "Excuse me coming in good folk,
 But will you kindly tell,
 In what part of this village does
 One Richard Jackson dwell?
 If there be more than him I seek,
 The Richard that I know
 Was married to one Mary Price,
 About twelve years ago."

"You must have been some time away
 From here," the old man said,
 "For Richard I am sure must be
 At least, full three years dead,
 And Mary, Richard's widow, still
 A widow doth remain;
 Without the slightest wish it seems
 To be a wife again.
 For many offers she has had,
 And good ones too, no doubt,
 But suitors all by her have been
 Sent to the right about."

Whil'st Dad, he talked, I watched and saw
 As Mother looked at me,
 The dawn of recognition came,
 As plainly as could be.
 And rising from her chair her arms
 About my neck she threw,

And gave her long lost son a kiss,
 As loving mothers do.
 'Twas full of love and welcome home,
 And filled my heart with joy,
 To know that mother welcomed back
 Her too long absent boy.

This scene it caused my dad to look
 With wonder opened eyes ;
 The stalwart, bearded man, he saw,
 He did not recognize.
 But when, he knew me as his son,
 The boy of years ago,
 My hand he pressed, as from his eyes,
 I saw the tear drops flow ;
 "I knew thou'd come again my lad,
 Thy Dad and Mam to see.
 And thou art welcome home our Tom,
 To Mother and to Me.

"Come sit thee down and rest thyself
 And dame be stiring, come
 Get some refreshment for our lad,
 To shew he's welcome home.
 He'll tell us of his travels lass,
 And what kept him away,
 But let him rest and be refreshed,
 We'll ask him nought to-day.
 My mind is full of questions Tom,
 My heart is full of joy,
 And these are tears of happiness,
 That fill thy Father's eye. "

And so it is they welcomed back,
 'The truant to his home.
 And every look bespeaks the joy,
 'They feel because I've come.
 They tell me of friends who're gone,
 Of those that live they tell,
 And mention names of long ago,
 That I remember well.
 They speak of Mary, and a flush,
 Spreads quick across my brow,
 They see it, and it seems to me,
 They know my secret now.

Yes now, they know my secret, and
 I think that I can trace,
 Ashade of disappointment cross
 Each dear old wrinkled face.
 To think 'tis not for them alone,
 That I have sought my home,
 But 'tis my love for Mary Price,
 That's caused me for to come ;
 And I feel a twinge of sorrow
 Send a tear to my eye,
 To think my thoughtless act should cause
 One shade to cross their joy.

So I speak of my adventures,
 The trials of the past :
 And the hardships I had gone through,
 Temptations round me cast.
 Nor did I leave the path of truth,
 But struggled through them all ;

And kept my good name free from stain,
 Nor bent to passion's thrall.
 My travels over many lands,
 The toil that came to nought ;
 The golden harvest that I reaped,
 Where the yellow god is sought.

Then all about the goldfields, and
 The dreadful life men lead,
 Of crime and wild debauchery, and
 Of bloodshed and of greed.
 How hard it is for any one,
 To live there any time,
 To leave the place, without a stain,
 Or knowledge of some crime,
 Done in the heat of passion wild,
 Or through a greed for gold,
 Or when the brain is fired by drink,
 And scorns to be controlled.

The meeting with a friend from home,
 Far, far beyond the sea ;
 Who spoke of Richard Jackson's death,
 Which gave new life to me.
 How I resolved, without delay,
 To sell my claim and come
 To dear old England, back again,
 To Dad and Mam, and home.
 Ay, and to Mary, whom I love,
 As I have ever done.
 Nor would I e'er have left my home,
 If I her love had won.

Of how I, in the years long past,
 Had ever thought of home ;
 And how in dreams, my spirit seemed,
 Through boyhood scenes to roam.
 How I'd longed to be beside them,
 To see each loving friend,
 And know my roving life at last,
 In rest and peace would end.
 That I never more would leave them,
 But settle down for life,
 And hoped that Mary Jackson would
 Consent to be my wife.

Hark, the bells are ringing rarely,
 And the villagers are gay;
 Lasses wearing lover's favors,
 To do honour to the day.
 In their best the lads are sporting,
 With the lasses fair and free;
 Everything seems bright and happy
 As an earthly scene can be.
 First of all there comes the wedding,
 Then the crowning of their queen ;
 The merry dance, the games of forfeit,
 Then the sports upon the green.

Here, perhaps I'd better tell you,
 That it is the First of May,
 And that Mary has consented,
 It shall be her wedding day ;
 And that Tom is well nigh frantic,
 With the burden of his joy.

That Dad and Mam both look kindly,
 On the wedding of their boy.
 Every creature in the village,
 Are to be Tom's guest, and they
 Will in sportive recreation,
 And in feasting, spend the day.

The bright vista of their future
 Is as fair as fair can be,
 For a life of love is promised,
 From all thought and trouble free;
 And with him beside her ever,
 With his strong arm as her stay,
 When their bodies have grown feeble,
 Near the end of life's highway.
 Ah, sure their lives will know no trouble,
 With true love their constant guest,
 As they onward glide unruffled,
 To the goal, eternal rest.

SIR HUGH DE GAMMOT.

A MÆDIEVAL ROMANCE.

Sir Hugh de Gammot of the Hall,
 Sat late into the night,
 For he had business of import,
 Of which he needs must write.
 For Bramley Burgh, a missive sent,
 In language over plain,
 That in Sir Hugh de Gammot's blood
 His good steel blade he'd stain,

If that de Gammot could not prove,
 The justice of his deed,
 They must in deadly combat meet,
 His sister's name be freed,
 From a most foul and dire insult,
 That on it had been heaped,
 By false de Gammot's lying tongue,
 Whose soul in sin is steeped.
 Here did the missive end abrupt,
 With Bramley's hated name ;
 It stirred de Gammot's soul within,
 And set him all aflame.
 Dared Bramley Burgh thus beard him,
 Upon the open field,
 His sword should drink the braggot's blood,
 And he his foe should yeild.
 Thus 'twas Sir Hugh de Gammot spoke,
 Of his too boastful foe,
 Then sat him down in wrathful mood :
 With anger darkened brow,
 And snaching up a grey goose quill
 He wrote in ireful mood,
 "The insult that thou offerest me,
 Must be washed out by blood ;
 I'll meet thee in the Witches' Glen,
 Or morning, noon or night;
 Then shall my sword witness be,
 My deed, was deed of right,
 For did I not behold her clasped,
 In loving close embrace,
 And see their lips in rapture meet,
 Love glowing in his face,

Thy answer quickly let me have,
 I fane would slake my wrath,
 In blood of thine, and know that thou,
 Wer't cleared from off my path."
 And now his summons brings to him
 A courier true and tried,
 He bids him quick in saddle be,
 And with his missive ride.
 "See that you spare nor whip nor spur,
 My wrath brooks no delay ;
 Let Bramley Burgh this missive have,
 Ere breaks another day."
 Away the courier hie's in haste,
 And he in wrathful mood,
 Hath leaned his head upon his hand,
 O'er vengeful thoughts to brood.
 Whilst there he sits the moon's pale beam,
 Peeps through the lattice where
 A misty figure tall and straight,
 Is standing by his chair.
 A spirit 'tis of lady fair,
 All decked in spotless white,
 Full oft is she de Gammot's guest,
 At witching hour of night.
 Now, as he raised his weary head,
 No tremour of afright
 Doth seize him, though that misty form
 Stands there to greet his sight ?
 Though drops of sweat hang on his brow,
 His voice is full and clear,
 As with a malediction dread,

He cries "What dost thou here?
 Hast come to tell me that this hand,
 Must mingle soon in strife,
 And that the sword it shall wield,
 Shall end thy brother's life.
 Nay, nay, I will not be accused,
 Thy blood is on thy head,
 It was the shame of thy misdeed
 That caused it to be shed.
 Shew not the wound, I know the place,
 The weapon swiftly sped,
 And did a deed of justice, you
 Were quickly with the dead.
 Thy conduct 'twas provoked the blow,
 That set thy spirit free,
 And that same thrust it was that sent
 Thy paramour with thee.
 And now thy braggot brother's life,
 Shall end upon my blade,
 So shall my foe's be swept away,
 And vengeance debt be paid."
 He ceased to speak, yet still he gazed,
 That misty form about,
 As slowly, softly, but distinct,
 The spirit voice rang out:—
 "Beware, de Gammot, take ye heed,
 My warning do not scorn,
 Or by the Holy Rood, for thee,
 Thou'dst better ne'er been born.
 For torments worse than hell can yield,
 Shall waste their wrath on you.

If but another deed of blood,
 Thy damned sword shall do.
 If in the rashness of his youth,
 My brother Bramley try,
 'The power of his youthful arm,
 Spare thou the reckless boy.
 Heed not the braggot missive sent,
 By others goaded on,
 He seeks for vengeance on the deeds,
 Of blood, that thou hast done ;
 He knows how blamelessly he lived,
 Whom you deprived of life ;
 He knows how free from blame was she
 Thy sinless murdered wife.
 I leave thee now, beware, beware,
 Oh ! end this vengeful strife,
 Nor dare to injure by a hair,
 My brother Bramley's life."

* * *

De Gammot for awhile we leave,
 In most perturbed state,
 And hie we with the courier now
 His progress to relate.
 Well mounted on a good black steed,
 He rode with right good will,
 Determined that what ere might hap,
 His mission he'd fulfil.
 The night was beautiful, the moon
 Shone with unclouded ray.
 And far the eye could mark the road
 In all its winding way.
 And, aye, the horse went flying on
 With all 'its wanted speed.

Responsive to the bridle rein,
 Nor whip nor spur did need,
 Until it reached the stricken oak,
 Where in the olden time,
 A dreadful murder had been done.
 A foul, blood-thirsty crime ;
 A crime whose horror can but fill,
 The bosom with disgust.
 To know the maid, the victim of
 A villian's hateful lust.
 Here, 'neath the shadow of the tree,
 Just where the deed was done,
 They made a grave and buried her
 So doth the legend run.
 It tells how here, for many a night,
 Her spirit form was seen,
 With throat all gashed and bleeding breast,
 A fearsome sight I ween.
 It tells how on a good stout arm
 Of that old oaken tree,
 The murderer was hung in chains,
 To die by slow degree ;
 And how she stood before his eyes,
 'Till death did end his pains ;
 And how he hung a ghastly sight,
 A skeleton in chains.
 That on a fierce, wild, stormy night,
 Out from the clouds there broke,
 A fearful flash of forked light,
 That split the gibbet oak.
 Then fell the chains and naked bones,
 Upon Earth's bosom green,

And from that dreadful night, they say,
Her ghost no more was seen.

*

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*

But to my tale, that noble steed,
Will now no farther go ;
He will not move for kindly word,
Nor spur nor savage blow ;
With eyes out-staring from his head,
And nostrils gaping wide,
With ears pricked, and trembling limbs,
And foam enveloped side ;
He snorts, then backs, nor will he pass
Beyond the stricken tree ;
He rears, then on his haunches falls,
In trembling agony,
For low beside the stricken tree,
Wrapped in a sulphurous light,
He sees the rusty, rattling chains,
And bones all bleached and white.
And so the horse's head is turned -
To take another way.
Then like the wind he flies along,
With neither stop nor stay,
On, on he goes, it seems as though
The mission would be done,
'That they would be with Brambley Burgh,
Ere rising of the sun.
And so the courier's heart grew light,
And so he hums a song,
For with the seeming speed of light
His good horse flies along.

Full soon they reach a lonely spot,
 Known as the Witches' Glen,
 And here 'tis said they work their spells,
 Of fiendish spite 'gainst men.
 Three weird sisters here do stand,
 And bar the courier's way,
 Who, with their forked wands out-stretched
 Do bid him instant stay,
 And cry aloud, "Beware, beware,
 Back to de Gammot hie,
 And say if he meet Bramley Burgh,
 Then surely he shall die.
 Tell him to heed the warning given,
 And now away, away,
 You pass not here, though you should wait,
 Until the break of day."
 With rueful mind, the courier turned,
 His steps for to retrace,
 In faith, he feared his master's wrath,
 When they came face to face.
 And so he rode with heavy heart,
 Upon his homeward way,
 And reached the hall, as in the east,
 Appear the king of day.
 Then to de Gammot's presence he
 With laggard step did go.
 "Say, say, what answer do you bring,
 From my insulting foe.
 Doth he accept my challenge, say,
 Quick, catiff, quick, his word;
 Or by my soul, thy dastard heart,
 Shall instant feel my sword."

The courier's heart within him quailed,
 Before that lowering brow,
 And he in fear and trembling strove
 To tell his story now.
 He spoke about the gibbet oak,
 The ghost that there was seen ;
 And how the horse refused to go,
 For whip, or spur, or rein,
 How he had had to turn about
 And ride another way ;
 How he had reached the Witches' Glen,
 And what they bade him say,
 As on he went de Gammot's brow
 Dark with fierce passion grew,
 And like a flash of light, his sword
 Out of its scabbard flew,
 His eyes they shone like balls of fire,
 His cheeks fade pale as death,
 Save for a lurid spot on each,
 And catchy came his breath,
 " Dare thou to me, thou catiff knave,
 Thy lying tale to tell,
 Take that, and let thy damned soul
 Hie on its way to hell ;
 I would that thou had twenty lives
 To satisfy my spleen."
 And here he made a dreadful lunge,
 But something steps between,
 And struck the weapon from his grasp.
 A circle wide it made,
 Ere down upon the oaken floor,
 Did fall the murderous blade,

Their stood de Gammot, to the gauge
 Like statue cut in stone,
 With bended knee and arm outstretched,
 And body forward thrown ;
 The pose that he had taken erewhile,
 To give his blow effect,
 E'er from his grasp his sword was thrown,
 And his intent was checked,
 For right in front that misty form,
 Before de Gammot stood,
 It paralyzed each stalwart limb,
 And froze his very blood,
 For through the form he plainly saw
 The courier trembling stand,
 With bended head and eyes downcast,
 The missive in his hand.
 "Away," he cried, "to horse again,
 Quick from my sight begone,
 Thy life shall pay the forfeit if
 My mission be not done.
 Away ! what care I for thy ghost,
 What for thy witches three ?
 The gibbet chains and naked bones
 No terrors have for me.
 The mad blood rushes through my veins,
 To know e'en for a space
 A coward tremour seized my limbs,
 A palor clothed my face.
 I chafe with anger but to think,
 My courage failed me so,
 That like a frightened woman I
 Should abject terror know.

But by the rood I swear if I
 Be ever caught again,
 I'll draw each coward's drop of blood
 That courses through each vein."

* * *

Here must we now our steps retrace,
 To let the reader know,
 The history of all the deeds
 That happened long ago.
 Deeds that do lead up to the time
 When we our tale begin,
 Or e'er de Gammot's darkened soul,
 Was bathed so deep in sin.
 E'er Geraldine of Burgh became
 De Gammot's sorrowing wife,
 Who for a seeming sinful deed,
 Paid forfeit with her life.
 As also for that deed there fell
 A young and noble knight,
 A cousin of fair Geraldine
 Sir John de Conville, knight,

* * *

The castle on a hillside stood,
 Stately and grand to view ;
 In 'midst of ancient forest trees,
 That round about it grew.
 Great giant oaks of olden time,
 In knarled and knotted state,
 And smooth barked beeches old and gray,
 And poplars tall and straight.

The broad leaved chesnut and the elm,
 The ash and sycamore,
 The fir and many others it
 Were needless to name o'er.
 And here and there were patches fair
 As eye as ever seen,
 Of softest turf with flowers besprint,
 And grass of brightest green ;
 And through the wood a brawling stream
 Rolled o'er its rocky bed ;
 Whose source was but a bubbling spring,
 High on the mountain's head ;
 Thus stood the ancient Castle Burgh,
 And here one winter night,
 Was borne, de Gammot, of the hall,
 In sad and piteous plight.
 For he had from his horse been thrown
 And could no further go,
 'Twas feared he had broken bones
 But this a leech will know.
 And one will very soon be here
 If nothing ill betide,
 The messenger that summons him
 Unto de Gammot's side.
 So do we now a shelter crave
 Until the leech shall say,
 If we may move him to his home,
 That lies some miles away."
 "Now bring your master quickly in,"
 Thus spake a maiden fair,
 "And lay him gently here, and we
 Will give him every care ;

Until 'tis shown that he may go
 Unto his distant home ;
 Or if the time it be but short,
 Or be it months to come."

Now all this time de Gammot lay
 In an unconscious state,
 And for the leech's advent
 Impatiently did wait.

At length he came and diagnosed
 The patient, and he found
 The shoulder blade was broke in twain
 And on his scalp a wound ;
 The skull was slightly fractured and
 The body bruised full sore,
 For dark discolourations it
 In many places bore.

Then did the leech, with thoughtful brow,
 Make trial of his skill,
 To bring de Gammot back to life,
 Who lay unconscious still,
 His efforts after some short time
 Were crowned with success ;
 The patient once again awoke
 Unto full consciousness ;
 And bade his people bear him home,
 To which the leech said "No,"
 He would not answer for his life,
 If they from hence should go.

He must have rest, perfect rest,
 And that for days to come ;
 It might perchance run into weeks
 Ere he would see his home.

'Therefore must he contented be
 At Castle Burgh to stay,
 Until the leech his permit gave
 For him to go away.
 And now the leech his skill doth use
 To give the patient ease,
 Till bones were fixed and wounds were dressed,
 His efforts did not cease.
 The task complete, his orders given,
 He went upon his way,
 Just as the eastern sky began
 To tell of coming day.
 Now was de Gammot left unto
 The care of Geraldine ;
 And by my troth a better nurse
 The world hath never seen.
 She tended to him night and day,
 Each draught did she prepare,
 Anticipating every want
 With thoughtful tender care.
 And when fierce fever seized his frame,
 And fired his maddened brain,
 She bathed his brow, and strove to soothe,
 Him back to rest again.
 And so for weeks she tended him,
 At length all danger past,
 She saw her patient fairly on
 The way to health at last ;
 And as he grew in strength he learned
 The lady's sterling worth,
 And in his heart, untouched before,
 Love had an instant birth.

He listened as she read to him,
 He watched her every move ;
 Her voice, her movements, all she did,
 Gave strength unto his love.
 And ere a many days had passed
 His feelings he revealed,
 He pressed her hand, and at her knees,
 In supplication kneeled.
 "Oh, say you love me, lady fair,
 Say you will be my bride ;
 Oh, give me hope to live upon,
 I'll die if that's denied ;
 You, who hath nursed me with such care,
 Hath brought me back to life ;
 'Tis you, and you alone, sweet love
 Must be indeed my wife."
 With startled look, fair Geraldine,
 Heard what de Gammot said ;
 And trembling like a frightened fawn
 Hung down her dainty head.
 She could not speak, she could not move,
 She knew not what to do,
 She feared her for de Gammot's life,
 So fierce his passion grew ;
 His health was not so far regained,
 That danger all was past,
 And there might be a sad relapse
 If this excitement last.
 Such thoughts as these fly through her brain
 Whilst struggling for repose,
 At length all calm and beautiful
 Up from her seat she rose,

And bade him take a little rest,
 Which much he needed now ;
 And then she gently pressed her lips
 Upon his heated brow ;
 For she had learned to love the man
 She'd nursed back into health,
 With all a woman's earnest love,
 With all her young heart's wealth.
 And now he knew that he had won
 The woman that he loved,
 And through a paradise of thought
 His mind full freely moved.
 Health now seems to come to him
 With more than double speed,
 And from his chamber now full soon
 The leech, his patient freed.
 With health restored, de Gammot feels
 He cannot longer stay,
 And yet, without his lady love
 He's loath to go away.
 So is the lady soon induced
 The happy day to name,
 For she hath none she need consult,
 Nor loving sire or dame ;
 For they were long since laid to rest
 Beneath the churchyard sod,
 The mortal to return to dust,
 The immortal to God.
 The priest ^{*} had read the marriage ^{*} rite,
 The lady fair hath come,
 The mistress of de Gammot's heart,
 The mistress of his home.

And fair indeed, their future seemed,
 If love could make it fair ;
 For pure and deep the passion glowed,
 Unmarred by thoughts of care ;
 Yet was there danger in the depth
 Of fierce de Gammot's love :
 For trifles light as air might chance
 His jealousy to move.
 With him 'twas but a thought, a blow,
 He reckoned not the cost ;
 His honour must be free from stain,
 Though all else should be lost.
 It so did chance when months had passed,
 From foreign parts there came
 A cousin of fair Geraldine's—
 De Conville was his name—
 Who on his travels long had been
 From England far away,
 In Spain, in Italy, and France,
 He'd lingered many a day ;
 But now at last he'd reached his home
 The dearest spot on earth.
 The fair, the free, the beautiful,
 The land that gave him birth.
 Soon to the Castle Burgh he sped,
 His consins for to see ;
 But Bramley he had gone abroad,
 His sister, "Where is she ?"
 "Oh, she was wed some months ago,
 Now we seldom see her,
 For saving when it needs must be
 She never visits here."

"Then, say, where is my cousin's home ?

I pray you quickly tell,

Her whom I thought to win and wed,

Her whom I love so well.

I used to think her heart was mine.

But that is past, and I

Am fain to see her once again

Then care not if I die."

"Some thirty miles, or more, mayhaps,

As near as I can say,

'Tis to the home of Geraldine,

From Castle Burgh away,

Which you may reach ere close of day,

If nothing you befall.

The road round by the stricken oak

Is nearest to the hall ;

The hall of the de Gammot's is

Well-known the country round ;

The road that I have named to you,

Leads right into their ground."

De Conville made no more delay,

But springing on his steed,

He urged it on with whip and spur,

Into its utmost speed,

And just as sank the evening sun

From sight far in the west,

He reached the home of Geraldine

Fatigued and needing rest.

And to his summons quickly came

An answer from the hall.

"Say, if ye be a friend or foe,

That do so loudly call,

What seek ye at my master's gate
 So near the hour of rest?"
 "My steed and I are worn out,
 I fain would be his guest,
 Go tell the Lady Geraldine,
 Fair mistress of these lands,
 That at her gate, with rein in hand,
 Sir John de Conville stands.
 Say that I fain would speak to her,
 If but to wish her joy,
 And know that she is happy, so
 Then will I say good bye."
 Then with all speed the messenger,
 The lady fair did seek,
 To give the message unto her,
 The stranger bade him speak.
 When to her presence he had come,
 He bowed and bent the knee,
 Then told her there was one below,
 Who fain her guest would be;
 And that he craved an audience,
 If she would grant the same.
 He claimed to be her cousin, and
 De Conville was his name.
 Quick did the Lady Geraldine
 Haste to her cousin's side,
 And yielding to his outstretched arms,
 Thought not ill would betide.
 He pressed her to his throbbing breast,
 He kissed her lips, ah, me,
 That fond embrace, that loving kiss,
 De Gammot chanced to see.

With flashing eyes, and darkened brow,
 He reasoned not, not he ;
 His sword out from its scabbard flew,
 And soon their souls were free.
 For like a flash of light it pierced
 The bosoms of the two,
 And, there they stood, in fond embrace,
 Till he the sword withdrew.
 And then they fell upon the ground,
 Nor even then did part,
 His arms still clasped his cousin fair,
 Though pulsless was his heart.
 No sorrow marked de Gammot's face,
 Nor in his heart had birth,
 For them that he had stricken down,
 Whose blood cried from the earth.
 Against the cruel, hasty deed,
 His vengeful hand had done,
 That sent them into spirit life,
 Earth's mission scarce begun.
 But orders sternly, quickly he
 Unto his people gave,
 Their bodies without funeral rites,
 Be put into the grave ;
 And quickly sure, the work was done,
 For e'er the break of day,
 Within the bosom of the earth,
 Their murdered bodies lay.
 But from that time no rest had he,
 By day or night, no rest,
 For Geraldine, his murdered wife,
 Was still his ghostly guest.

So years rolled on, till six had gone,
 And as they passed away,
 De Gammot grew more fierce of mood
 With every coming day.
 In all his travels, Bramley Burgh *
 No word hath ever heard
 About de Gammot's hasty deed,
 With his too ready sword;
 But home returned, the story soon,
 Is whispered in his ear,
 How that de Gammot's vengeful hand
 Had slain his sister dear.
 And so he wrote—"The year you wed
 I left my childhood's home,
 And from that time it was my wont
 In other lands to roam;
 And whilst I on my travels was
 Naught did I ever hear,
 Of what did hap within my home,
 Or to my sister dear;
 But scarcely had my feet touched land,
 Than straightway told am I,
 My sister and my cousin John,
 By thy foul sword did die.
 What was their sin, I seek to know,
 And if thy deed was just;
 If not, then by my holy dame,
 I say what must be must,
 Thy soul must to its judgment go,
 By Holy Church unshrived.
 Thou in the fulness of thy sin
 Shall die as thou hast lived."

To this no answer written was,
 Nor verbal message sent,
 So back unto the Castle Burgh,
 The courier's steps were bent,
 And then it was that Bramley Burgh
 The challenge quickly sent.
 That raised de Gammot's vengeful ire,
 And to his spleen gave vent.

To this de Gammot answer made—

“The place, the time you name,
 Shall see me ready with my sword,
 To prove thy sister's shame.”

The courier, who this missive bore,
 Is he of whom we spoke;
 Whose horse refused for whip or spur,
 To pass the stricken oak.

The missive in the end did reach
 The man for whom 'twas pen'd;
 And having read it through, he cried:
 “This strife shall quickly end;
 And if my sword be true to me,
 And if my cause be just,
 Shall false de Gammot, vanquished be,
 And bite the very dust.”

* * *
 'Tis morn, although the sun as yet
 Has not proclaimed the day;
 Nor does he give sufficient light
 To mark the travellers' way;
 And yet unto the Witches' Glen
 Two figures make all speed,
 Each coming from a different point,
 But on the self-same deed.

Here, in this dismal, dreary spot,
 'Tis destined they shall meet,
 That one of them shall certainly
 Encounter sore defeat,
 Ere yet the owl hath sought its nest,
 The bat hath ceased to fly,
 Or ere the lark its wings hath spread,
 Soaring towards the sky.
 These figures meet, and make a halt,
 Where darkest shadows loom,
 Where in the ray of summer sun
 Can scarcely pierce the gloom ;
 And as they meet, it seemed that
 By instinct each doth know,
 That he is in the presence of
 His dire and deadly foe.
 Though neither can the other see,
 Yet instantly they cry—
 "Hold thou thy step, for it is
 That we our cause must try."
 "I know that thou art Bramley Burgh,
 Who art in language brave,
 Now prove thy words no empty brag,
 Or here you find a grave."
 "Now, by my soul, de Gammot, thou
 Shall find no braggart I,
 For if my sword be true to me,
 Then surely thou shalt die,
 Though strong of hand and brave of heart,
 I fear me not thy might,
 But cross thy sword in confidence,
 God will defend the right."

And now, as clash the naked swords,
 Out from the darkened sky,
 A dreadful flash of forked light,
 Across the earth doth fly;
 And loud and long the thunder roll,
 Resounding crash on crash,
 As ever from the wild dark clouds,
 The frequent lightning's flash.
 And still they strive with all their skill,
 With every trick they know,
 With thrust and lunge and wiley pose
 To catch the wary foe.
 Each strong right arm wield well its sword,
 Full bravely do they fight,
 With ne'er a gleam to guide them but
 The lightning's fitful light,
 At length one flash, more fierce by far,
 Than all that came before,
 Doth strike de Gammot to the earth
 And he will fight no more !
 But ere the breath of life hath left
 His quivering lips for aye,
 He calls for Bramley to draw near,
 He something has to say.
 Then kneeling down upon the grass,
 Beside the prostrate form,
 Still, still doth fall the drenching rain,
 Still, still doth rage the storm.
 Now doth de Gammot whisper low :
 " I'm glad my hand was stayed,
 I thought that thou would'st end thy life
 Upon my well tried blade ;

That sin is not upon my soul,
 For which my thanks are due,
 To Thee, O God, whose lightning dart,
 Hath pierced me through and through.
 But let me say, while I have breath,
 What most I wish to say,
 And show 'twas not the love of blood
 That nerved my arm that day.
 I thought, as I have said before,
 The deed I did was just,
 But now I see 'twas wrong in me,
 A seeming sin to trust.
 I should have sought for proof that she
 Was faithless to my bed,
 And that he, too, was guilty ere
 I did their life's blood shed ;
 Yet was I ready with my sword
 To prove that I was right,
 Not only in the sight of man,
 But also in God's sight.
 And now as earth's life fades away,
 I wish the deed undone ;
 I feel a burdened spirit is
 The sole reward I've won.
 But Thou, O God, of mercy let
 My darling come to me,
 To be the guardian angel that
 Shall lead me up to Thee.
 Adieu, adieu, I can no more,
 God grant thee happy life,
 And now I come, dear wife, I come
 Farewell to earthly strife."

So closed his life, and with it doth,
 This story come to end,
 If not well told, I pardon crave,
 For what I here have pen'd.

HARRY FAIR.

The morn has dawned, a fair bright morn,
 In the sweet month of June,
 And happy larks have upward flown,
 Singing one joyous tune ;
 And earth has donned her fairest gear
 For bud and flower and tree,
 In jewelled robes of dewy gems
 Are fair as fair can be ;
 And the bright blue vault of heaven
 Doth ne'er a speck disclose,
 'To tell of the storm that's coming,
 Or ere the night shall close.

Well, on this beautiful morning,
 A maiden fair doth rise,
 And draws aside the curtains white
 To gaze at the bright blue skies ;
 And, ah ! as her face turns upwards,
 Her eyes they beam with joy,
 For her heart is as full of sunshine
 As is the bright blue sky ;
 And nothing there is to tell her,
 That ere the day shall close,
 Shall be wrecked her fond affection,
 And lost her sweet repose.

This is the morn May Madison,
 Who is her father's pride,
 Should in the little village church,
 Be made a happy bride ;
 Should marry the man she's chosen,
 The handsome Harry Fair ;
 Who to a splendid heritage,
 Is the presumptive heir.
 A grand old mansion fair to view,
 With widely spreading land,
 Dotted with many a homestead,
 Wooded on every hand.
 Harry, May's chosen husband, is
 The pink of manly mould,
 Stands five feet ten in stocking feet
 Is honest, brave and bold ;
 And is true and tender-hearted,
 And full of charity ;
 His purse is always open,
 To banish misery ;
 And the poor, all love him truly,
 As heart can well desire,
 And doff their hats with willing hand,
 To the young and handsome squire.
 His love for the girl he's chosen,
 Is pure as purest gem ;
 Set in a rim of finest gold,
 In costly diadem.
 And the one great joy of his heart,
 His one great pride in life,
 Is to know that he has won her,
 That she will be his wife.

Nor dreameth he that aught will come
 To cloud the bright June day,
 And fill with grief the after life
 Of his sweet darling May.

And now is spread the wedding feast,
 And now the guests appear,
 But where is Harry Fair this morn
 Oh ! why is he not here ?
 What is it keeps him from his bride ?
 Why is he absent now ?

For bitter tears, the maiden weeps,
 And saddened is her brow ;
 As with her friends impatiently
 She waits, but waits in vain,
 To her it seems her heart would break,
 Or burst her throbbing brain.

And so, as day advances, all
 Express this one great fear—
 That something dreadful must have hap,
 Or Harry would be here.

And so they seek the missing man,
 Seek for him at his home,
 Nor stay they still till the evening close,
 Then with this story come.

He left his home at early morn,
 To haste to his fair bride,
 He could not brook times lagging step,
 He must be by her side.

So light of step he left his home,
 With speed of bounding fawn,
 Leaping the running rivulet,
 Tripping across the lawn.

Had naught befell he should have been,
 By his fair lady's side,
 Long ere the hour had come when she
 Was to be made his bride.
 That they had sought him near and far,
 Nor gained the slightest clue,
 For what had happened Harry Fair
 Never a creature knew ;

And so as a storm was gathering,
 They thought 'twas best that they
 Should leave the further search for him
 Until the coming day.
 And so in sorrow sped the hours
 That should have been so gay ;
 'The wedding feast is still untouched,
 The guests are gone away ;
 And May, in bridal robe, still decked,
 A sad sight is to see,
 With grief-stained cheeks and swollen eyes,
 And tears still flowing free ;
 As full of sore uncertainty,
 About her lover's fate,
 She seeks for strength through God above
 To bear her trouble great.
 So night it closes round our sphere,
 And through each restful hour,
 Do tired limbs their strength recruit,
 And mind its wonted power ;
 And woe-worn creatures hope to find
 For sorrows tears surcease,
 And suffering should in slumber know,
 A few short hours of peace ;

But, ah ! for poor May Madison,
 The night finds no repose,
 And from her tear-stained pillow she
 At early morning rose.

Full soon are trusty messengers
 Despatched the country round,
 To seek the missing Harry Fair,
 Who will no doubt be found ;
 If but a thorough earnest search,
 Meet with its just reward,
 Then shall the maiden dry her tears,
 With peace of mind restored.

But days pass into weeks, and yet
 The man is missing still,
 Altho' the search it is pursued,
 With earnest, honest will.
 Nor is there yet a gleam of hope,
 That time will bring success,
 And pale and shadow-like grows May,
 As hope grows ever less ;
 Her face once fair is shaded o'er,
 Its bloom all passed away,
 But on each cheek a bright red spot,
 Tells of life's sure decay ;
 And though friends try to cheer her up,
 'Tis ever still in vain,
 For there is none but Harry Fair
 Can cure her heart-felt pain.
 So months roll by, so years pass,
 So fadeth she away,
 Nor change of scene nor doctor's skill
 Can stop the slow decay.

For still those bright red spots burn on
 That tells the sure sad end
 Of May, once fair and beautiful,
 To every loving friend.

Now must we leave dear May awhile,
 And take a backward turn,
 To see if we of Harry Fair
 Can not a something learn ;
 We said he was presumptive heir
 Unto a large estate,
 And this, perhaps, may prove the cause
 Of Harry's unknown fate ;
 For there is one who ever still
 Hath hated Harry Fair,
 Because he knows his uncle's will
 Names Harry as his heir ;
 And evil thoughts burn in his breast,
 To jealously a prey,
 His soul will know no moment's rest,
 'Till he is cleared away.
 He murmurs oft whilst brooding o'er
 Dark deeds of treachery ;
 Why should he bar my path to wealth,
 To ease and luxury?
 So many a day he shadowed him,
 With fierce determined will,
 If but the slightest chance occurred,
 His purpose he'd fulfil.
 But time rolled on, nor came this chance,
 To deal the deadly blow,
 By which to clear from out his path
 The man he deemed his foe.

All things will come, to those who wait,
 And just as hope seemed past,
 The chance that he has sought so long
 Was his, ah! his at last;
 It came upon the wedding morn,
 When Harry, full of life,
 At early morn, tripped gaily off,
 To May, his promised wife.

The path that he had chose to take
 Was trodden but by few,
 But what cared he, as on he tripped,
 Each spot full well he knew.
 Over the lawn, across the brook,
 Along beside the wood,
 Near to a copse, wherein olden time,
 An ancient abbey stood;
 And then across a meadow fair,
 Over a wooden stile,
 Reaching the road by a grassy path
 Saving him full a mile.

But, ah, 'twas fated he ne'er should
 Again see his fair bride,
 For as he reached a lonely spot,
 Close by the dark wood's side,
 A figure sprang from out the bush,
 Who, with a crashing blow,
 Struck Harry Fair upon the brow,
 And quickly laid him low;
 He, then, in haste, his victim drew,
 Within the wood's dark shade,
 To where, beside a huge oak tree,
 A rude-formed grave he'd made.

And here he hides away the dead
 With trembling, eager haste,
 Nor stays he in his gruesome task,
 Until he has replaced
 The earth, that he had had to move,
 In cutting out the grave ;
 And this he does with haggard face,
 And feeling aught but brave.
 So years they roll away, and still
 The fate of Harry Fair,
 A mystery is as yet unsolved,
 And May, so young, so fair,
 Still lingers on, although it seems,
 As if the softest breath,
 Would put the faint spark out and leave
 But the long sleep of death,
 Though hope, sweet hope, is cherished still,
 That there will come a day,
 The cloud that shadows Harry's fate,
 Like mist will pass away.
 This hope it is that seems to keep
 The spark of life alight,
 That burneth still with feeble ray,
 But ever still less bright.
 The uncle, he whose wide-spread lands,
 The murderer thought to gain,
 By the foul deed that on his brow,
 Has set the mark of Cain ;
 Has he affixed John Orling's name,
 In place of Harry Fair,
 Within his will ; No, no, not he,
 Nor named him as his heir ;

He liketh not his dark set brow,
 His cruel, shifty look,
 His cat-like step, and fawning way,
 His uncle cannot brook.

And so he bids him quit his sight
 Nor ever dare to come,
 With his dark brow, to cloud again,
 The precincts of his home.

And thus he gets his just reward,
 Although 'tis still unknown,
 That the sad fate of Harry Fair,
 Is known to him alone.

So he, in disappointment broods,
 To think his deed in vain,
 And that the prize for which he strove,
 He yet had failed to gain.

Oft in his dreams he seems to see
 His victim full of health,
 And strikes again the deadly blow,
 He thought would bring him wealth.

Again his cousin buried is,
 And smoothed the tell-tale soil;
 Again he rushes from the spot,
 Of his unhallowed toil.

And ever since that moment, he
 Is haunted by a dread,
 His guilt will be brought home to him
 By Harry Fair, though dead.

One morn the squire chanced to stray
 Down by the copse, when he,
 Within a cosy nook, a rude
 Formed gipsy tent did see.

He heard some little folk at play,
 And saw without surprise,
 A woman, with an olive skin,
 And bright, black piercing eyes,
 Who said, "Let me your fortune tell,
 There's something you would know ;
 So cross my palm with silver, sir,"
 He smiling said, "No, no."
 Just then a something caught his eye,
 That hung about her neck,
 A gem of gold, and rubies rare,
 Too rich her form to deck.
 He knew it in a moment, aye,
 The trinket long had been
 A heirloom in his family,
 And last time it was seen,
 By any one who knew the gem,
 'Twas worn by Harry Fair ;
 But Harry long has missing been,
 How comes this locket there ?
 "Tell me," he said in eager haste,
 "Where you that trinket got ?"
 "I found it, sir, some years ago,
 Near to this very spot ;
 Some of my people they had camped
 Not very far from here,
 And strolling through the wood one morn,
 It being bright and clear,
 I, in my ramble, chanced to reach
 This little copse and found
 This locket, which you seem to know,
 'Twas lying on the ground.

I noticed then, the earth was loose,
 As though it had been moved,
 And walking round about the spot,
 The truth of this I proved.
 The ground gave way beneath my feet,
 And so in fear I fled,
 And what I think about the place,
 I never yet have said ;
 But there a secret crime, I'm sure,
 Is hid from the sight ;
 This locket, perhaps, may be the means
 Of bringing it to light."

"Shew me the place," the squire said,
 "Where you the locket found ;
 The spot where, as you say, loose earth
 Was scattered all around.
 We may discover something there
 That will elucidate,
 The mystery that hangs about
 My missing nephew's fate."

"But short the space of time 'twill take,
 If you will come with me,
 To show the spot within the copse,
 Though doubtless it will be,
 O'er grown with fern and bramble,
 Yet shall I know the tree,
 Beside whose root the loosened earth
 With terror made me flee."

"Let's go at once," replied the squire,
 And see the dreadful place,
 That I may find what long I've sought,
 A clue by which to trace

The fate of my lost nephew who
 For years has missing been,
 It may so hap that this may be
 Of his foul death the scene."

Full soon within the copse they stand
 A darksome lonely place ;
 " Here 'twas that I the locket found,
 And here you still may trace,
 The spot I then thought was a grave,
 And look, sir, even now,
 Although with undergrowth o'er grown
 The outling yet doth show,
 The earth, then loose, has settled down
 And left a hollow space :
 In very form, a very grave ;
 A foul deed's hiding place."

" By heaven, yes," the squire said,
 " By heaven, you are right,
 Beneath this spot 'tis certain that
 Some foul deed's hid from sight ;
 But we will know the secret soon,
 If a secret there be,
 Or ere another hour shall wing
 Into eternity."

And so full soon were men employed
 To open up the ground,
 Nor is it long ere one of them
 A walking stick hath found ;
 Anon some bones come with the soil,
 And as they still work on,
 No spot of earth is over turned,
 But what can shew a bone.

Meantime the squire he hath sent
 Off to the nearest town,
 Requesting the authorities
 Full quickly to send down
 An officer or two to watch
 And see all that is found.
 While yet the men their task pursue,
 Of turning up the ground.
 Whilst still they work with earnest will,
 The squire still watch doth keep.
 He sees the bones accumulate,
 Till they become a heap.
 And now the officers arrive,
 And note all that is done,
 And ply the squire with questions,
 Of each and every one,
 That is employed in this sad search,
 So that they each may be,
 Brought forward, if required, to
 Give their testimony.
 At last within the pit all trace
 Of further find is gone ;
 And the last shovel full of earth
 Upon the heap is thrown.
 But, ah ! what does that last throw up,
 Among the loose earth bring ?
 A pretty little golden gem,
 It is a wedding ring.
 The officers, they now take charge,
 Of all that has been found—
 The bones, the stick, the wedding ring,
 And also of the grounds ;

And caution all to silent be,
 Nor speak of what they know,
 As it may interfere with them,
 In what they have to do.
 'They first must prove the bones to be
 Those of a murdered man ;
 And then discover who he was,
 The which they think they can,
 Then they must find the object for
 The murder being done ;
 And then an inquest must be held,
 Upon the murdered one.

And so the bones are gathered up,
 And quickly sent away,
 So that the truth be ascertained,
 Without the least delay.
 And they full soon examined are,
 And it full soon is shown,
 They form, a skeleton complete
 Nor wanting e'en a bone ;
 That on the skull a fracture deep,
 The cause of death doth shew,
 For life could not withstand the force
 Of that terrific blow.

What vengeance must have nerved the arm ?
 What passion filled the heart,
 Of him, who like the Cain of old,
 Had played the murderer's part ?
 And now the day has come about,
 An inquest they must hold ;
 And in the court the coroner
 A jury hath enrolled.

The oath administered, then they
 The evidence do hear ;
 Which will be given in its place
 As witnesses appear.

The first one called was one who'd seen
 The missing Harry Fair,
 The day he should have wedded been
 To May, the young and fair ;
 He saw him trip across the lawn,
 And leap the little brook ;
 He saw the path round by the wood,
 Was that, that Harry took.

Asked if he noticed anything
 Particular that day,
 About the dress of Harry Fair,
 He said, " Yes, I may say

I seed a locket on the chain,
 As decked his breast that morn,
 'Twas set about wi' rubies bright,
 That might a prince adorn."
 Asked if he'd know the gem again,
 He answered, " Aye, indeed,
 'Twere one of pastiest gems I think,
 That ever I have seed."

The locket being shown to him,
 Without a second look,
 He cried, " Aye, that's the very thing,
 I'll swear it on the book."

And then 'twas proved that from that morn,
 All trace of him was gone,
 For nothing had been heard of him,
 So far as it was known.

Then came the gipsy's evidence,
 How she the locket found,
 And how she saw the loosened soil
 Scattered all around ;
 How she had met the squire, when
 Some years had rolled away,
 How he at once the locket knew,
 She wore upon that day ;
 And how she took him to the copse,
 And pointed out the place,
 That she believed to be a grave,
 Whose form they still could trace.
 Then came the squire's evidence,
 Commencing with the day,
 When Harry Fair, he left his home,
 To hasten to his May ;
 That he had never reached her home,
 And ever since that date,
 A mystery had hung about
 His missing nephew's fate ;
 That earnest search had then been made,
 But no trace had been found,
 And so his whereabouts had been
 A mystery profound.
 Till he one morn the gipsy met,
 When to his great surprise,
 The locket of his nephew lost
 Was there before his eyes.
 It hung about the gipsy's neck,
 And so he'd questioned her,
 How 'twas she came to have the gem,
 Her answer, it was, " Sir,

I found it in the wood one day,
 'Tis now some years ago,
 And if you wish to see the place
 The very spot I'll show ;
 For near to it is what I then

Thought was a grave new made,
 At sight of which I ran away,
 For I was sore afraid ;
 But if you wish, we'll go at once,
 Who knows but it may be
 The very point at which we shall
 Unearth this mystery."

We reached the place, and there it was
 I felt I'd got a clue,
 By which to trace my nephew's fate,
 So strong this feeling grew,
 I soon had men with pick and spade
 Engaged upon the ground,
 And officers have in their charge,
 The articles there found ;
 A stick, a ring, a heap of bones—
 And this I do declare,
 That I believe the bones to be
 The bones of Harry Fair.

As proof of what I here declare,
 I'm sure that you will find,
 The right forearm has broken been
 In youth, and badly joined.
 The men who opened up the ground,
 Were sworn, and asked to tell
 The court the whole of what they knew
 That at the grave befell ;

They told about the heap of bones

They turned up with the soil,
And of a watch and chain they found
As they pursued their toil ;

They spoke to finding of the stick
As they their task begun,
And of the plain gold ring they found
Just as their task was done.

Then came the officers, and they

Their evidence thus gave :
They'd watched the workmen busy in
What proved to be a grave ;
They'd taken charge of everything
That in the grave was found—
The watch, the chain, the walking stick,
The ring, the bones, the mound ;

And that a thorough search had been
Made round about the place,
But nought of further evidence
Had able been to trace.

The walking stick was found to have
A heavy silver band,
Which being cleaned, exposed to view,
Engraved in good round hand,
“ Presented, to John Orling, on
His twenty-first birthday,
As a token of affection,
By Harry Fair and May.”

Upon the watch they found engraved,
“ Presented by J. A.
Unto his nephew, Harry Fair,
Upon his wedding day.”

And for the bones, they'd been sent to
 A scientist, and he
 Is better able gentlemen
 To speak of them than we.
 The little golden treasure has
 Been tried and found to fit,
 'The finger of May Madison,
 Who was loath to part with it.
 Now is the court all eagerness
 The scientist to hear,
 They feel that by his evidence
 The case will be made clear.
 He says he found the bones to be
 A skeleton complete,
 Of one, who in the flesh would be,
 In height about six feet ;
 He found a great gash in the skull,
 Caused by a heavy blow ;
 The stick found, if 'twere used with force,
 Would make the dent I show ;
 'The right forearm has broken been,
 And very badly set,
 For on the bone an awkward ridge,
 May be distinguished yet.
 This ending all the evidence,
 The coroner now rose,
 And turning to the jury, he
 Said, briefly, "I propose,
 To speak to some points that I
 Think should be borne in mind,
 And thought well over gentlemen,
 Ere you your verdict find.

First, if the blow upon the skull,
 Of death be the true cause,
 And given with intent to kill,
 'Tis murder by our laws ;
 But if in quarrel given, then,
 Of course, the crime will be
 Reduced to that of manslaughter,
 As you will clearly see.
 If 'twere an accidental blow,
 Why should there be the dread,
 That caused the doer of the deed,
 To hide away the dead ?

His very act would seem to prove,
 That he who struck the blow,
 Had done it with intent to kill,
 His deed is murder too.

However, gentlemen, I now

Will leave the case with you,
 Feeling assured your verdict will
 Be all that's just and true."

The jury leave the box awhile,
 In private to confer,

To weigh the evidence they've heard,
 And each their doubts prefer ;

And having argued pro and con,
 At length they all agree,

The only verdict they can find
 Must wilful murder be ;

And entering the court again,

'Midst silence most profound,

The coroner the question puts :

"Have you a verdict found ?"

The foreman rising, answers "Yes,
 The jury all agree
 To wilful murder, and express
 The firm belief through me,
 The bones are those of Harry Fair,
 And then they take this fact,
 His death was caused by one fierce blow,
 Some dastard's wilful act ;
 And that the stick found in his grave,
 If used with fierce intent,
 Would make the fracture in the skull,
 And fits into the dent.
 We know the owner of that stick,
 And know that only he,
 Could by his cousin Harry's death,
 Ere benefited be.
 And having heard the evidence,
 And studied everything,
 The verdict, wilful murder, we
 Against John Orling bring."
 The coroner, now rising, said :
 " The evidence doth shew,
 The stick found in the grave was used
 To strike the deadly blow ;
 And that the victim was none else
 Than missing Harry Fair ;
 And that it was his cousin's act
 To hide his body there.
 As proof of this we have these facts :
 The right forearm we find,
 As mentioned by the uncle, has
 Been broke and badly joined ;

His watch and chain, found in the grave,
 His locket and the ring;
 And then again, the walking stick,
 All tend the crime to bring
 Home to his cousin, Orling, who
 Might benefited be,
 By the demise of Harry Fair,
 And so it seems to me
 John Orling, 'twas who struck the blow,
 In quarrel or in wrath,
 As he alone would gainer be
 By his cousin's death.
 Therefore, gentlemen, I feel
 Your verdict just and fair,
 And for his apprehension I
 A warrant will prepare."
 The verdict having been pronounced,
 The jury's task is ended,
 Save to the record of the case
 Their names must be appended.
 Full soon the warrant is made out,
 For Orling's apprehension,
 And so his doings for awhile
 Will claim our whole attention.
 * * *
 'Tis now about a twelve month since
 Some friends proposed to go,
 A hunting of the larger game,
 Where Niger's waters flow;
 And Orling he at once agreed,
 To join the hardy few,
 It might, perchance, divert his mind,
 And occupy it too,

To the exclusion of the thoughts
 That haunt him day and night,
 That fills his sleeping hours with dreams
 Of horror and afright ;
 That makes his life a terror still,
 And fills his heart with dread.
 Of what may hap beyond the tomb
 When numbered with the dead.
 And yet it fared but ill with him,
 He could not banish thoughts,
 For struggle as he would yet still
 His struggle came to naught.
 And so it was that he returned,
 Just in the nick of time,
 Was charged, and cast in prison, for
 His too long hidden crime.
 And sitting, thinking, in his cell,
 His future seemed to be
 A hell of horrid torments sore
 From which he'd fain be free ;
 And so it was he vouched that he
 Would ne'er on scaffold stand,
 But that his life should ended be
 By deed of his own hand.
 Next morn when visiting his cell,
 They found him lying dead,
 A scrap of paper in his hand,
 That rested 'neath his head ;
 This tells the history of his crime,
 The terror and the strife,
 From which he suffered day by day,
 Aye, every hour of life.

It says, "I took my cousin's life,
 To win a heavy stake;
 And though I end my own, yet 'twill
 No reparation make;

And may be deemed a coward's act,
 I care not though it be,
 For this I know, from court and judge,
 My act will set me free;
 From public gaze, and felon's death,
 The which I could not face,
 And so I act the suicide,
 Within this dismal place."

The news of Orling's death was soon
 Published far and wide,
 It reached the squire in his hall,
 And dying May's bedside.

She heard the news, and with a sigh,
 She said, "Thy will done;
 I soon shall seek my Harry in
 The bright world where he's gone."

The squire ^{*}quite ^{*}hale and ^{*}heartly still,
 Has wooed and won for life,
 A woman true and kind of heart
 And happy as his wife.

Of whom at no far distant date,
 The papers may declare,
 The wife of squire so and so,
 Of a son and heir.

^{*}Now ^{*}comes the end ^{*}May ^{*}Madison,
 From earth has passed away;
 And to the squire is born a son
 Upon this very day.

So in both homes they kneel in prayer,
 This for the baby given,
 That that their dead, died in the Lord,
 With hope of life in heaven.

A QUESTION.

Is it, indeed, of vital import,
 The name by which we call on Thee,
 Oh, Thou Great Eternal Spirit !
 Do thou make this clear to me.
 If I pray to 'Thee as Father,
 If I pray to Thee as God,
 If I say Eternal Spirit !
 Shall I fear thy chastening rod ?
 Nay, if I do call 'Thee Nature—
 Meaning still the source of all—
 Would'st Thou not in mercy answer,
 To 'Thy creatures' earnest call ?
 Ah, they know not, they that cavel,
 O'er the name that we should use,
 When we pray to 'Thee, oh ! Father,
 'Thee whose love will not refuse ;
 But will answer now, as ever,
 'Thou has't answered in the past,
 Giving to 'Thee heavy burden,
 Joy and comfort, that will last,
 And when earthly life is over,
 And the spirit is set free,
 Onward, upwards, tending ever,
 It shall grow still nearer 'Thee.

PARTED.

The morning was bright, though sad hearts were grieving,
For friends who were going across the broad sea,
The ship in the bay, our green isle was leaving,
To carry brave hearts to the land of the free.
Where there is labour for hands that are willing,
Where there are thousands of acres wants tilling,
And forests of huge trees waiting the felling,
Where bright shining gold may be won.

One of the boys, who were sailing that morning,
Away from his friends and the land of his birth,
Leaving his father and mother sore mourning,
The loss of their boy their sole treasure on earth.
He'd promised them that he'd soon be returning,
With pride in the wealth, his strength had been earning,
And whispered, aghra, sure my heart will be yearning,
To be by your side once again.

But years have flown by, and worn hearts are breaking,
And eyes have grown dim, as a cloud-covered star,
Yet faith in their boy, new hope is awaking,
That he will return from the fair land afar.
But ! O musha grah, on earth they will never
See him again, he has left them for ever,
'Tis but in that world, where partings are never,
They'll meet with their darling again.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

He stood by her that he had chosen,
 And her small white hand he took,
 As with heart aglow with gladness,
 He returned her loving look.
 And how low, but O! how sweetly,
 Sounds his words "I love but thee,
 And as proof of this my darling,
 Let this little circle be.
 'This little circle of pure gold.'"

So she pressed the ring whilst mur'ing,
 "Yes a legend 'tis of old,
 Confidence and love were ever,
 Vested with a ring of gold.
 And for this that thou hast given,
 Shewing thy great trust in me.
 My whole life of love and honour,
 Shall be given unto thee.
 Given unto thee, my darling."

THE VIGIL OF LOVE.

She watched, ever watched for his coming,
 Though the light of her reason it fled,
 When they told her in sorrowful accents,
 Her handsome young lover was dead.
 In a terrible storm that was raging,
 He was swept from the deck by a wave,
 And the thunder of heaven's artillery,
 Hoarsely boomed as a dirge o'er his grave.

She watched, ever watched for his coming,
 Heeding not the sad story they told,
 That the deep, dark bosomed Atlantic,
 Did the form of her lover enfold.
 And she sat by the side of her casement
 From the dawn till the close of the day,
 And a look of expectancy ever
 On her pale worn features would play.

He came as he said that he would do,
 His pledge of past years to redeem,
 And she rose from her seat at the casement,
 As one who awakes from a dream.
 As she rushed to the arms of her lover,
 And laid on his bosom her head,
 The light of her reason returned to her then,
 But the spirit immortal it fled.

SHAMUS.

O stay, stay thy beating, my heart,
 Though Shamus is far, far, from me,
 'Twas poverty caused us to part,
 And sent him away o'er the sea,—
 To seek in a strange land a home,
 A fortune to gain by his toil,
 And should he succeed he will come
 To take me, to share fortune's smile.
 Over the sea.

I wept when he bade me farewell,
 And pressed on my lips the fond kiss,
 My sorrow I could not repel,
 I knew his bright smile I should miss,—

When in the land of the stranger,
 Sad hearted my Shamus would roam,
 Struggling through trouble and danger,
 To win for his Molly a home.
 Over the sea.

I rise with the tears in my eyes,
 After weeping the whole night away,
 My bosom still heavy with sighs,
 I pray through the whole of the day,—
 For Shamus to haste back again,
 Then we'll bid dear Ireland farewell,
 And hasten afar o'er the main,
 In the land of the stranger to dwell.
 Over the sea.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Put into verse.

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
 Hallowed be thy name,
 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
 In heaven, on earth, the same.
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 And whilst this life we live,
 Forgive us all our trespasses
 As others we forgive.
 Into temptation lead us not,
 From evil us deliver,
 Thine the kingdom, thine the power,
 And glory, too for ever.

AMEN.

I COME TO THEE.

I come to Thee, oh, loving Father,
 With my humble earnest prayer,
 Kneeling lowly at Thy footstool,
 Asking Thy protecting care.

Asking Thee to guide and keep me
 In the path that I should tread,
 And my willing heart shall follow
 By Thy guiding Spirit led.

Let Thy angels bright surround me,
 Making known to me Thy will;
 Thou, I know, wilt never tax me
 With more than I can fulfil.

With each creature I would ever
 Live in harmony and love;
 Practising on earth the lesson
 That is taught us from above.

THESE WORDS JESUS SPOKE.

“Behold, I give unto you a new
 Commandment—“Love one another.”
 It was given me, ’twas given you,
 So let our conduct teach no other.
 Let us be what God intended,
 That his creatures still should be,
 Let the needed be befriended,
 Brothers; all, by you and me.

GOD IS LOVE.

Once whilst I was sitting thinking,
This great truth came home to me—
We should know much less of trouble,
Were we all that we should be.

If we would but learn the lesson,
That we each should do our part,
Striving ever to bring comfort
To the worn and weary heart.

If there be an angry feeling
Ever lurking in our breast,
We should instantly expel it,
We should harbour no such guest.

For its presence in the bosom
Will distort the fairest face,
Leaving but a demon semblance,
Where should dwell angelic grace.

Oh ! may love still be the feeling
That alone shall fill our heart,
So that each to every creature
This sweet passion may impart.

So shall we become more happy
As we onward, upward move,
Seeking to be near our Father
Feeling, knowing, God is Love.

THE SPARK IMMORTAL.

When the spark immortal
 That within us burns,
 Leaves the body mortal,
 And to God returns.

Surely we shall visit,
 From the spirit sphere,
 Those we leave in sorrow
 Lingering still here.

Sure our Heavenly Father,
 Who gave the spirit birth,
 Will grant us sweet communion,
 With loved ones still on earth.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Jesus said, "Love one another,"
 And His life the lesson taught—
 From the dawn until the sunset,
 Day by day He kind deeds wrought.

We should never shirk a duty,
 And should practice what we preach—
 Though good council giving ever—
 By our deeds we best can teach.

'This old world would soon grow better,
 Grandeur, brighter than we know,
 If by Jesus' life and lessons,
 We would ever strive to go.

GOD, I THANK THEE !

O God, I thank Thee, that I am
 Still hearty, hale, and strong,
 And humbly ask of Thee, O Lord,
 My years to prolong.

That as each one shall pass away,
 I may be better still,
 More thoughtful of my neighbours all,
 More bending to Thy will.

Let but one passion fill my heart,
 As on through life I go,
 And let that passion still be love,
 Such as Thy angels know.

Let envy never be my guest,
 E'en for a moment's time ;
 And may my heart be ever free,
 From thought of sin or crime.

Oh ! give me strength to live, O Lord,
 That when I'm called to rest,
 My eyes shall close in peace, and I
 Awake among the blessed.

AVOID PASSION.

How simple the things that often cause passion,
 Sometimes 'tis a word, sometimes 'tis a deed,
 And then I'm afraid 'tis ever the fashion,
 To say all we can to make the heart bleed.

Oh ! God, give me strength to curb my ill-temper,
 That bitter words I may never resent,
 So that in the end I may laugh at the tempter,
 Nor angry words ever need to repent.

I pray for this gift, oh ! Spirit of Love,
 So that my days may be ended in peace,
 And if 'tis Thy will, my God, oh, my Father,
 Let all my joy and my comforts increase.

Let all around me be peaceful and happy,
 No passionate heart nor frown on the brow,
 Bear and forbear with such meekness of temper,
 That all may be happy henceforward from now.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

Oh God, my Father and my Friend,
 I humbly ask of You,
 To guide me ever in the right,
 Whatever I strive to do.

And if my trials they are sent,
 That I may better be,
 Teach me to read them all aright,
 I humbly ask of Thee.

I seek to live so that the end,
 May come in peace at last ;
 That I may look with pleasure o'er,
 Thé life that I have passed.

And feel a certainty that I,
 Though tried, have still been true ;
 And that in all my deeds and thoughts,
 I strove to honour You.

GOD ETERNAL!

God eternal, grand and glorious,
 Cause of all the eye can see,
 Infinite beyond conception,
 Teach me how to worship Thee,
 In the manner that I ought to,
 For I fear that I am weak,
 And unable to express all
 That my earnest heart could speak.

When in awe I look around me
 At the worlds that roll in space,
 Wondering at the glorious order
 That keepeth each one in its place;
 Give me light, oh! God Eternal,
 Let me not still vainly seek,
 To express the admiration
 That my earnest heart would speak.

ARE THEY LIVING?

Are they living, are they living,
 They who've passed away from earth?
 Is the change annihilation,
 Or is it a second birth?
 When of life bereft the body,
 Has been laid beneath the sod.
 Sure, ah sure, the spark immortal,
 Entereth a new life portal,
 Nearer its Creator God.

They are living, yes, they are living,
 And are often by my side,
 Whispering sweet words of comfort
 When misfortune me betide ;
 And this knowledge breeds a feeling
 Deep within my grateful heart,
 That no dogma, creed or caste,
 Of the present or the past
 Ever can to me impart.

THE PAST.

While I o'er the past am thinking,
 And of all that might have been,
 Points, I see, where I have stumbled,
 Their full import then unseen.
 Life is what ourselves do make it,
 Of this I am persuaded, so
 If we rightly fill our mission,
 Then we happiness shall know.
 But if heedless how we are living,
 Careless of our fellow-men,
 Caring not for truth or falsehood,
 How can we be happy then ?
 Always keep this truth before you,
 That for self you should not live,
 But to all men act a brother,
 Giving aid where you can give.
 Raise the fallen, aid the weary,
 Do whatever good you can ;
 Kindly speak unto the stricken,
 Doing what becomes a man.

LIFE'S DUTIES.

Life with all its load of troubles,
 I have borne for many years,
 And I still am fain to bear it,
 Though it cost me many tears.
 Knowing most of what I suffer
 Comes through errors of my own,
 Things I frequently am doing
 That I should have left alone.

He, a coward, is most truly,
 Who the consequence would flee,
 Of his error he should boldly
 Face it, fight it, and be free ;
 And if others have been injured
 By the mischief he has done,
 He should strive for to repay it
 Ere the setting of the sun.

Come, my friends, be up and doing,
 Do not slink away from view,
 Like a cur that as been beaten,
 Show the world you're brave and true ;
 And will never shirk a duty,
 But with willing hand and heart,
 Do the task that is assigned you,
 Acting still your rightful part.

SPEAK NO ILL.

I never like to hear a man
 Speak ill of a neighbour ;
 I think that it should be our plan
 Continually to labour.

To do whatever good we may,
 Each one for the other ;
 Nor ever let a creature say
 We spoke ill of another.

If of your fellow-men you know
 Aught that is truly wrong,
 Oh never cause a moment's woe
 By giving it your tongue.
 We each of us are very frail,
 Then rail not a brother,
 Let no one tell of you the tale,
 You spoke ill of another.

There's troubles plenty in this life,
 And each one has his share ;
 Then why should we increase the strife,
 We've each enough to bear ?
 Our faults are many, as we know,
 Then gentle be my brother,
 And never be the first to speak
 An ill word of another.

LOOK AT HOME.

Oh, we are weak and foolish creatures everyone,
 We are falling into error every day,
 We see that in our neighbour far sooner than our own,
 And of them very hard things often say. [fault,
 But we first should look at home and purge away each
 Never resting till the victory we have won ;
 And the purer we become more surely shall we halt,
 When our tongue on other's faults would glibly run.

Oh ! do ye unto others as you journey on through life,
 As you wish for others to do unto you,
 And you'll find it will save you an immensity of strife,
 And the friends you'll make will surely not be few.
 It is better, I am sure, in harmony to dwell,
 And to win the love of neighbours one and all;
 So if you've nothing good of your fellow for to tell,
 Then it is better not to say a word at all.

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

I'd like to see, aye, that I would,
 More happy homes in Briton's Isle ;
 I'd like to see each saddened face
 Brightened by a pleasant smile.
 I'd like to see the poor man's child
 Comfortably clothed and clean ;
 I'd like that plenty should be found,
 Where poverty too long hath been ;
 I'd like to see the working-man,
 Use what he earns by honest toil ;
 I'd like, ah, yes, I'd like to see
 'These changes worked in Briton's Isle.

'These changes I should quickly see,
 If men would but be warned in time ;
 To shun the road to poverty,
 To shun the road that leads to crime.
 'That one broad road that leads them on,
 Till lost to shame, degraded poor,
 Cast off by friends, despised by all,
 Begins within the ale-house door ;

Where the drink-fiend reigns supremely,
 On his sin-bespatted throne,
 'Ticeing all who come a near him,
 Till he claimed them as his own.

Come, my friends, let's league together,
 To destroy within our land,
 The fearful habit that is working
 Dire effects on every hand.
 Let us try by our example
 Erring brothers back to lead,
 From the downward path they're treading,
 And by every word and deed,
 Prove that we are earnest workers
 In the cause we have at heart ;
 And while life and health's our portion
 From the cause we will not part.

AID THE NEEDY.

Sadly the wail of weak and the weary,
 The hungry and homeless smite on the ear ;
 Oh ! if you be human, hasten to help them,
 Dry if you can afflictions sad tear.

Oh ! stretch forth your hand to sister and brother,
 Give them the help your means will allow ;
 Foster a full-hearted love for you neighbour,
 Chase sorrow's cloud from the age-wrinkled brow.

Oh ! stand not unmoved and look at the havoc,
 That unsought mishaps are causing each day,
 Leaving great gaps in many a home circle,
 Stealing too quickly our loved ones away.

Oh ! man, do but foster kind-hearted feelings,
 Of love for your fellows then shall we see,
 A hatred of all that is foul and inhuman,
 And joyful exchanges of sweet sympathy.

THE HOME FIRESIDE.

By the home fireside let no harsh word be uttered,
 Be kind to each other, whatever betide ;
 We know not but words that in passion are muttered,
 May the comfort destroy of the home fireside.

By the home fireside be still cheerful and happy,
 Let smiles spread their luster on every side ;
 For sickness and death, the circle may enter,
 And a vacant chair leave by the home fireside.

By the home fireside, should sister and brother,
 When at evening they meet whate'er may betide,
 Taught by example of father and mother,
 Be kind each to each by the home fireside.

By the home fireside should a brow e'er look clouded,
 Betokening sorrow with pleasure and pride,
 Oh ! do all you can by a smile to replace it,
 So shall happiness reign round the home fireside.

A TRUE HEART'S LOVE.

Was I a king, with jewelled crown,
 With sceptre, and with throne,
 With thee the honours I would share,
 If thou would'st be my own.
 For all a nation's wealth I feel,
 Would useless riches be,
 If I the treasure could not share,
 My own sweet girl with thee.

Refrain.

But I have neither crown nor throne,
 Nor wealth, nor high degree ;
 A true heart's love is all that I,
 Can offer unto thee.

Was I a chief with castle old,
 And fair lands spreading wide,
 I'd offer all to thee, my love,
 And ask thee for my bride.
 For love of thee, it keepeth me,
 Within the path of right,
 And moveth me to goodly deeds,
 To win fair honour bright.

Refrain.

But I have neither castle old,
 Nor wealth, nor high degree,
 My love, sweet girl, is all that I,
 Can offer unto thee.

But I've a willing strong right arm,
 A firm determined will,
 My share in this life's battle I,
 Will honestly fulfil.

And if thou wilt but share my cot,
 My task shall ever be,
 To fill each day with happy hours,
 For thee, sweet girl, for thee.

Refrain.

Nor shall thy life know one regret,
 But bright, and happy be,
 Though crown, nor castle old, are mine,
 Nor wealth, nor high degree.

MY DEAR IRISH LASS.

I've come back, dear Molly, my heart true as ever,
 I'm unchanged in thought, since the last time we met,
 Though beauties I've seen, still I swear that I never,
 Not e'en a moment, did my Molly forget.
 I have been in the land where dwell beauty's daughters,
 Still, still did my Molly's their beauty surpass,
 And I sighed for the time, I'd cross the big waters,
 Again to be near thee, my dear Irish Lass.

When far, far away, in the land of the stranger,
 Or rocked by the storm, on the wild foaming sea,
 In pleasure, dear girl, or surrounded by danger,
 My heart, and my thoughts, still reverted to thee.
 When fortune bright smiling, her gifts were bestowing,
 I pictured a life, that would happily pass,
 As I thought of the eyes, with smiles overflowing,
 And the fond loving heart of my dear Irish Lass.

And now, dearest Molly, you won't keep me sighing,
 'Tis long since I first knew your heart it was mine,
 To deceive me, dear girl, it's useless you trying,
 I can read in your eyes "Yes, dearest, I'm thine."
 So say the sweet words, love, and soon we'll be married,
 And then Molly dear, life will happily pass,
 And I'll bless the long years that I sighed and I tarried,
 To win for my bride, thee, my dear Irish Lass.

GERALDINE.

O! listen to the story,
 The story of my love,
 I've a girl in whom I glory,
 All other girls above.
 To me she is the fairest,
 That I have ever seen,
 In face and form the rarest,
 Is my sweet Geraldine.

Chorus.

Darling Geraldine, all the world to me,
 Willt thou share my future, unknown though it be?
 Darling Geraldine, do not let us part,
 Thou are beauty's fairest queen, idol of my heart.

I met her in the evening,
 One lovely day in June,
 When bright stars they were peeping,
 And shone the fair pale moon.

I was strolling by a river,
 Whose grassy banks are gay,
 With pretty flowers ever,
 Throughout each summer day.

Chorus.

I raised my hat and nodded,
 She blushed and smiled at me,
 But quicker on she hurried,
 Yet I could plainly see,
 She entertained no anger,
 Nor did she think me rude,
 So I with heart-felt pleasure,
 My first success pursued.

Chorus.

I stepped up to her quickly,
 And proffered her my arm,
 And said I hoped my conduct,
 Had caused her no alarm.
 Her smile was more bewitching,
 Than it had been before,
 So onward tripping gaily,
 We reached her cottage door.

Chorus.

We lingered at the parting,
 At length we said good-night,
 She promising to meet me
 Again, when stars shone bright.
 And so we met full often,
 Down by the river side,
 And Geraldine my darling,
 Is soon to be my bride.

Chorus.

SWEETHEARTS.

To his sweetheart, low he whispered :

“Come, sweet girl, and we will go,
For a trip upon the river,

For you like a sail, I know ;
Ah ! and here’s a boat just starting,

We must not an instant stay ;
Come, let’s quickly get on board her,
For she soon will be away.

We were just in time, my darling,

From the Stage they’ve set her free ;
Here’s a seat from sunshine shaded,

With just room for you and me.
See the waves, love, how they’re rolling,
How the boat rocks at their touch ;”

She replied, with bright eye smiling :
“I’m sure it don’t Rock Ferry much.”

“Say, my darling, do you Seacombe,

Or do they spontaneous flow ?
As a pun, that’s a New Brighton,

But have Mersey, darling, do.”
On the Cheshire side we landed,

Eastham ham and eggs and tea,
Did we feast on, then whilst rambling,
My sweet darling said to me.

As we by the wood went strolling,

“Tom, I think this is unkind,
Did you not, when sailing, tell me,
We’d New Ferry left behind ?

Now I find I am at Woodside,
 Sure things are not what they seem;
 Tell me Tom, dear, am I sleeping,
 Tell me, darling, do I dream?"

"Ah! my pretty Little Brighton,
 You are humorous to-day,
 For your puns, you must be punished,
 And in kisses you shall pay."
 "Ah!" she sighed, then whispered lowly:
 "Men are tyrants, still for aye,
 My punishment, get it over,
 'Take the usurer's full pay.'"

ALL IS NOT LOST.

One night a merchant reached his home,
 With gloom upon his brow,
 His wife, she met him with a smile,
 That might a soul of grief beguile;
 And whispered with a winsome wile,
 "Tell me thy trouble now."

With head upon his bosom bowed,
 With tremor in each tone,
 He cried: "My love, I'm ruined, quite,
 All that I owned, a cruel spite,
 Is in the sheriff's hands to-night,
 And all my hope is flown."

She in silence stood awhile, then
 In voice, soft, sweet, and low,
 She said: "My darling, answer me,
 Say, can they take myself or thee,
 Or any of our children three?"
 He cried: "No, darling no."

"Then say not everything is lost,
 For what we hold most dear
 We shall retain, dear heart for me,
 Thy boundless love, my love for thee,
 And that of our dear children three,
 It never can be lost.

"So what we lose amounts to this :
 The wealth by labour made,
 'Tis gone, and though the blow is rude,
 We must not stay o'er it to brood,
 But once again take attitude,
 Nor be the least afraid.

"For we shall win, if we do try,
 By earnest, honest toil ;
 Then let us face the fight once more,
 We surely shall a victory score,
 Thy skill, as it has done before,
 Will sure win fortune's smile."

FIGHT THE BATTLE BRAVELY.

What ! give in ? Nay, fight the battle bravely,
 Nor ever let a creature say of you,
 Either in a slighting way or gravely,
 You wanted pluck to fight the battle through.
 If you with energy each trouble meet,
 You sure will win a victory complete,
 Then let me once again the words repeat :
 "Nay, fight the battle bravely."

What ! give in ? whilst life and strength are yours still,
 Be not a coward, though the road be rough,
 Use all your power, all your strength of will,
 Though misfortune give you many a cuff.

If you but persevere, you'll win the day,
 Then tread life's ruddy road with spirit gay,
 And brace up every nerve and boldly say :
 "I'll fight the battle bravely."

BRITISH VALOUR.

When Britian calls her sons to arms,
 Full quickly they obey,
 For in their hearts there dwelleth not
 A fear of the fray ;
 So that the cause for which they fight,
 But honest be and just,
 With willing arm they wield the sword,
 In God alone their trust.

If we the history of the past
 Awhile the pages con,
 We find what great and glorious deeds
 Britannia's sons have done.
 Need I the heights of Alma name,
 Of Balaclava tell,
 Or speak of Inkerman, where they
 Their duty did so well.

Or farther back, at Waterloo,
 Where Britian in her pride,
 With Wellington, her glorious son,
 Napoleon's power destroyed ;
 Or shall I of Trafalgar tell,
 Where Nelson led the way,
 And in the victory, victory gained,
 Upon that glorious day.

Why, I could name a thousand fights,
 By land or on the sea,
 Where Britian's sons have fought and bled,
 And claimed the victory.
 Ay, when their numbers were but few,
 Against a host opposed,
 Where they have stood the victors when
 The deadly strife had closed.

ENGLAND.

When for aid the weak are calling,
 Crying loudly in their grief,
 Who is it who hastes to help them,
 Bringing still the wished relief?
 England ever brave in battle,
 England gentle still in peace,
 Either with her sword or treasure,
 Purchasing their woe's surcease.

England, Oh, my brave old country,
 Proudly does my bosom swell,
 When I read the tales of valour,
 That thy poets love to tell.
 There's not within the wide, wide compass,
 Of the world a spot like thee;
 That can boast such hosts of heroes,
 England, bright home of the free.

WHEN ENGLAND'S TRUMP OF WAR.

When England's trump of war shall sound,
 We'll hasten to her aid,
 And help to thrash the daring foe,
 Who would our rights invade.
 We care not who the foe may be,
 With whom we have to fight,
 We only ask the battle be
 For England and the right.
 Then pledge me round with loud acclaim,
 And give three hearty cheers,
 For England's tars and soldiers brave,
 And England's volunteers.
 We've sworn allegiance to our Queen,
 And in her need will stand,
 And like true men defend her rights,
 And serve our native land.
 We, like our brave forefathers, still
 Are ready for the fight ;
 We only ask the battle be,
 For England and the right.
 Then pledge me round with loud acclaim,
 And give three hearty cheers,
 For England's tars and soldiers brave,
 And England's volunteers.

WORK TO DO.

Fellow-men, in looking round you,
 See you not there's work to do,
 To reclaim our fallen sisters,
 And our fallen brothers, too ;

To assist to clothe the naked,
 And the hungry help to feed,
 Finding shelter for the homeless,
 Helping all who stand in need.
 'Tis a truth whate'er our station,
 That we all can something do,
 In the work of reformation,
 Come, then, brothers, me and you,
 Will not lag behind the workers,
 But as men who see and feel,
 For the sorrows of mankind, will
 Put our shoulders to the wheel.

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

In the valley dwells a maiden,
 And her face is fair to see,
 As the rose with dew drops laden,
 And I know she loveth me.
 Her fond heart, that priceless treasure,
 In which kindness reigns supreme,
 She has given to my keeping,
 And in waking hours or sleeping,
 Of happiness with her I dream.
 When I asked her for to marry,
 Low she whispered in my ear,
 Ever am I thine, dear Harry,
 And her voice was low and clear.
 So I pressed her to my bosom,
 In an ecstasy of bliss,
 And our mutual love confessing,
 Lips to lips full fondly pressing,
 In a fond faith sealing kiss.

THE LOVERS.

A maiden and her lover sitting,
 'Neath a spreading tree,
 Gaily as the time was flitting,
 Chatted he and she ;
 And his arm did closely press her,
 As they nestled there,
 Said she, as he strove to kiss her,
 " Do, sir, if you dare."

He dared.

The blush the maiden's fair face tinting,
 As their lips did meet,
 In the kiss he was imprinting,
 Made her look more sweet.
 For her every pretty dimple,
 In their beauty shown,
 As she whispered, oh, how simple,
 " Don't, let me alone."

He didn't.

He pressed her then to name the day,
 When they should be wed ;
 Not one word would the maiden say,
 But hung down her head.
 " Say, shall we on Sunday marry,"
 Breathed he soft and low ?
 " Do not bid me longer tarry,
 Do not answer ' No.' "

She didn't.

COME, MY DARLING !

Come, my darling ! sit beside me,
 There is something I would say,
 Ere the spirit takes its farewell,
 Of its tenement of clay.
 If by man you'd be respected,
 Let fair honour be your guide,
 From the path of truth diverge not,
 Whatsoever may betide ;
 And to each one of God's creatures,
 Be you ready to extend,
 The hand of earnest fellowship,
 Ever acting as a friend.

Come, my darling ! sit beside me,
 Thy face once more let me see,
 As I saw it in thy childhood,
 When thy heart from care was free.
 Let me see thee, as I've seen thee,
 Full of hope and love and joy,
 Thinking of the happy meeting,
 Where there never comes good-bye.
 Let me feel thy hand in mine, love,
 And thy kiss upon my brow ;
 Now, Thy will be done, my Father,
 To Thy dictum do I bow.

HIS TREASURE.

In a pretty little cottage,
 With its tiny garden neat,
 Where flowers of brightest colours,
 Do the raptured vision greet ;

Dwells a maiden fair and comely,
 Whose pure unsullied mind
 Is filled with pure affection,
 For each creature of her kind.
 But there is one for whom her face
 Wears its sweetest, brightest smile,
 And it cheers him, ever cheers him,
 In the weary hours of toil.
 For he fondly, dearly loves her,
 And he ever strives to be
 More good, more wise, more worthy still,
 Of this busy little bee.
 He feels that she a treasure is,
 He knows her sterling worth,
 To him there's none like unto her
 Throughout the whole wide earth.
 Nor would he change for all the wealth,
 That anyone could name,
 The love that dwells for him within
 The heart of his sweet dame.
 From early morn till close of day,
 He toils with earnest will ;
 The task that he hath set himself,
 Determined to fulfil.
 He'll build a home for her he loves,
 Then ask her for his bride ;
 And, O, how happy he will be
 When she is by his side ;
 When with the glory of her love,
 His darling shall have come,
 The guardian of his life to be,
 The angel of his home.

BE NOT COLD.

Shall I never more see thee,
 Oh, gentle maiden, say?
 Is this our final parting,
 Or will some distant day,
 See us once again united,
 And happy as of old?
 Give me hope to live upon,
 Oh, be not proudly cold.

Ah! could I but see thee smiling,
 As in the days gone by,
 Then should I know this parting,
 Foretells a day of joy.
 When we once again shall meet,
 Never again to part,
 Giving and receiving joy,
 Exchanging heart for heart.

ON RECEIVING THE PRESENT OF A
PURSE.

'Thanks for the purse you've given,
 Oh, may it still enfold,
 Not only fair white silver,
 But bright and yellow gold;
 And while a shred of it remains,
 'It ever still shall be
 A remembrancer of the time,
 I put my thanks in simple rhyme,
 To her who gave it me.

SITTING ON A CREEPY STOOL.

Sitting on a creepy stool,
 Her sweet face one beam of joy,
 Gazing on the cradle bed,
 That enfolds her baby boy.

From her heart a flood of rapture
 In a happy song doth flow,
 As with foot upon the rocker,
 She the cot sways too and fro.

Morn and eve on bended knee,
 She breathes her thanks to heaven,
 For the darling baby boy
 Which God to her hath given,

THE SPOUTER.

I saw a seedy looking swell,
 Beneath his arm he carried,
 The immortal works of England's bard,
 And near a shop he tarried.

I looked aloft, I saw three balls,
 And guessed at his intention ;
 He'd leave his book in uncle's charge,
 For what, I need not mention.

Fair greeting to you, sir, I said,
 Pray what is it that brings you here?
 Full civilly he answered me,
 I have come to spout Shakespere.

GENEVEVE.

I know a pretty little maid,
 Who dwells 'mid pastures green,
 And near some fine old beachen trees,
 My darling's home is seen.
 And by the old church on the hill,
 I meet her oft at eve,
 And oh ! my heart is fill'd with love,
 For my sweet Geneveve.

For she's fair as the pretty white blossom,
 That blooms on the old hawthorn tree,
 She's promised me next May,
 Shall see the happy day,
 When she my little wife will be.

I know this pretty little maid,
 Is soon to be my wife,
 The fair bright angel of my home,
 My one great joy in life.
 And oh ! may trouble never come,
 Her loving heart to grieve,
 But happiness still hover round,
 The home of Geneveve.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

DIRECTIONS. Scene—Chamber Cloth with Wings. Table B.C. covered by a cloth on which stand a Shaded Lamp and Card Tray, on which are two Letters.

What, a letter from Jack ! O God, if he knew,
 The love that is hid in my heart,
 A passion that burns ever fervent and true,
 That of my existence is part.

But I dare not confess the whole of the truth,
 To him of my sorrowful life,
 O ! the error, the one great error of youth,
 That gave me to a villian a wife.

Ah ! me, the heart's agony when I first knew,
 The villian to whom I had wed,
 The passion of hatred how fiercely it grew,
 Within, as I wished he were dead.
 When he found that my spirit would not bend to his,
 He cursed me and left me in tears,
 What I suffered from that dreadful hour to this,
 Is a sorrowful story of years.

When I first met with Jack and knew he loved me,
 There rose a great fear in my life,
 Should he ask me to wed, O ! what could I say,
 Not tell him that I was a wife.
 So, as he was poor, I advised him to go,
 His fortune to try far away,
 Then come back to me, and he's coming, he says,
 In this letter that's reached me to-day.

*O ! God, what a fix I am in to be sure,
 I feel I must really go mad,
 For I must refuse him, the man that I love,
 And render two lives ever sad.
 * What is this, do I dream, or do I see right ?
 What, dead ! can this surely be so,
 The man that has filled up my whole life with fear ?
 He is dead and no sorrow I know.

* Whilst singing the first four lines of fourth verse, singer fingers second letter and opens it, and looking at it, exclaims—

Ah ! no, for the cause of my sorrow has gone,
 The grief that has crushed me for years,
 A bright happy future seems possible now,
 Unsullied by anguish or tears.
 No grief do I feel for the man that is dead,
 For joy now is springing to life,
 I can welcome Jack back to me once again,
 And be if he wishes his wife.

BE KIND AND GENTLE.

Who shall dare to bend the knee and ask to be forgiven?
 Who loveth not his fellows and whose works all come to
 naught ;
 O, who shall, with unblushing brow, speak of peace and Heaven?
 Who has not purged his inmost soul of every bitter thought.

O there is that, that each and all should earnestly perform,
 Nor lag, nor weary in the work we know 'tis right to do ;
 'Tis our duty to bring comfort to the weary and the worn,
 Whenever and wherever chance befall on me or you.

Why should we not our thoughts employ to make a heaven here?
 Nor wait the sad uncertainty of what may be in store ;
 Be kind and gentle to mankind, do all we can to cheer,
 And while we seek their happiness our own will still grow
 more.

If we would foster loving thoughts and feeling for the mass,
 They surely would reciprocate, then keep this still in view,
 By this means we will overcome the prejudice of class,
 And join all men in fellowship, each to the other true.

JOE ALLEN'S FRIENDLY LEAD.

Some nights ago down in the lane, a few old pals had met,
 And whilst the four-half went round, with other heavy wet,
 Joe Allen says, as how says he, we might as well just try
 If something can't be done to help one of our pals, and why.
 Bill Jenks he aint a-doing well, for things is going wrong,
 His wife has been and had a kid, and aint so very strong,
 To make things worse, Bill's moke he dies, so let it be agreed,
 We thinks it only right towards him, to have a friendly lead.

Chorus.

'Tis not the educated only, that do play the friendly part,
 For beneath the coster's pearlies, there oft beats a feeling heart,
 For when a pal of ours you see, upon his luck is down,
 We works a little friendly lead, and tips him every brown.

We thought of what Joe said, and soon we hits upon a plan,
 To help poor Bill, who always was, a proper sort of man,
 He never let a mate know want, in either stock or peck,
 As long as he'd a brown to give, he'd fork it from his keck.
 As all the coves they knowed him well, it wanted but a start,
 They each pulled out their mopuses, and willingly did part,
 We raised a proper heap of stuff, and so each on us seed,
 As Bill would have a tidy start, through this here friendly lead.

Chorus.

We did not reckon what we'd got, but went straight way to Bill,
 And gave it to him in a lump, with hearty free good will,
 We mentioned what his friends had done, to help him for to rise,
 He thanked us with his heart brimful, and tears in his eyes.
 Next day he bought a donkey, a proper bit of stuff,
 He knowed what he was after, for Bill, he was no muff,
 He's doing very well, he is, as plainly may be seed,
 The which is all along, dy'e see, of that ere friendly lead.

Chorus.

I'M A LOOKING AT THE PICTURE.

I'm a looking at the Picture of the good old wife that's gone,
 And I feel that no chap ever had so good and true a one,
 For, no matter what our troubles, she would fight them bravely through,
 And smile and speak a kindly word—as she knew well how to do.
 Why, bless you, home had sunshine when my dear old girl was there—
 With cleanliness and comfort then the place looked bright and fair ;
 But oh ! how things have changed with me, since the loss of my good wife,
 There is never one to try and smooth the ratty road of life.

Chorus.

And oh ! I'm longing for the time when we shall meet again,
 Where ther'll be no more parting, nor no trouble nor no pain,
 We shall know eternal happiness, in the future life,
 And I'll meet her, yes, I'll meet her, my own, my dear old wife.

I'm thinking of the time, old lass, when our little Dick he died,
 When we stood nigh broken hearted, by the little cradle side ;
 When you put your arm around my neck, and pointing up above,
 You whispered, God had taken him in the fulness of His love,
 I knew you strove to cheer me, in your sweet, endearing way,
 When you said that we should meet him where angels dwell for aye—
 And I saw you hide your sorrow, aye, and your tears for my sake,
 And then I knew the sacrifice a loving wife can make.

Chorus.

I'm thinking of the sad mischance that swept all we had away,
 And left us homeless, penniless, and sore-hearted that sad day ;
 But you stayed your sad repining, telling me, with cheerful smile,
 That things would sure come right again, were we patient for a while.
 We must not be down-hearted, 'cause this trouble it had come,
 But bravely fight the battle through, we soon should have a home ;
 That what I had done in the past, I could surely do once more,
 And your words they gave new heart to me, to face my trouble sore.

Chorus.

I'm thinking of the time, old lass, when sickness pressed me sore,
 And how tenderly you nursed me, and the hardship that you bore,
 Nor murmured through the whole of it, but was ever ready still,
 To smooth my pillow, bath my brow, or read, if 'twas my will.
 'Twas your loving, kind attention, that brought me safely through,
 And life and all I have, old lass, I owe it all to you ;
 But I would give up all I have to end my weary life,
 So I might be with thee again, my own, my dear old wife.

Chorus.

WE CAN READ IT IN THE EYES.

Out from a gambling hell there comes rushing forth into the night,
 One whose every limb is trembling, one whose face is ghastly white ;
 He has staked and lost his money, not a single coin has he,
 All his own and young wife's fortune, are but things that used to be.
 As he madly rushes onward, by the bright night lights we view,
 Gloomy brow and glaring eye-balls, telling what he means to do ;
 In his hand he grips a pistol, with fierceness as on he flies,
 He intends to end existence, we can read it in his eyes.

At the dark drear hour of midnight, sounds aloud the dreadful bell,
 That proclaims a fire is raging, where the poor in thousands dwell,
 Where the close built crumbling houses, woo the flames the night winds fan,
 Every effort made frustrating, though firemen do all they can.
 Saving life in every quarter, doing deeds beyond what's brave,
 Rushing into fearful danger, life and property to save,
 Up a fire enveloped staircase, where a child in danger lies,
 Hastens one who'll die or save him, we can read it in his eyes.

Near a bed a weeping mother, sits and gazes on her boy,
 For her darling has been stricken, and she sees that he will die ;
 Worn looks his face and haggard, for his cheeks are pinched and pale,
 And his eyes have lost their brightness, and his heart's pulse 'gins to fail.
 Save my child, O ! save my darling, in Thy mercy, God, she cries,
 Whilst her heart's o'er-flow of sorrow, is fast falling from her eyes,
 And while still beside him sitting, his pure spirit, homeward hies,
 And the great grief of the mother, we can read it in her eyes.

PADDY MOLLOY.

A strapping young gossoon, was Paddy Molloy,
 As you'd meet in the course of a day,
 He came from the sweet little town of Athoy,
 And his heart it was blithesome and gay,
 From dawn of the day, till the sun went to rest,
 His face it was beaming with joy,
 The girls, the sweet creatures, were striving their best,
 For the love of dear Paddy Molloy.

Chorus.

Och ! murder, to see, how the darlin could dance,
 To match him, 'twas useless to try,—
 He could beat the professors, who came here from France,
 Could light-hearted Paddy Molloy.

At market or fair, at wedding or wake,
 'Twas bold Paddy was sure to be there,
 And when the pipes struck up, his sweetheart he'd take,
 His own bright eye'd Katty Adair.
 Then to see how they'd dance, it would do your heart good,
 As each with the other did vie,—
 He, to beat Katty, his own darlin girl,
 And she, to beat Paddy Molloy.

Chorus.

And all the girls envied sweet Katty her prize,
 But with her, it was useless to try,—
 For in spite of each wile, they could ne'er win a smile,
 From the true-hearted Paddy Molloy.

He was bold as a lion, when war was the word,
 And his stick he could handle in style,—
 And if beaten by him, I'm bold to assert,
 You'd remember it many's the while ;
 But then, d'ye mind me, though fearless in fight,
 Which to mix in he never was shy,
 In peace true and kind, aye ! and gentle you'd find,
 The brave-hearted Paddy Molloy.

Chorus.

He is bold, he is brave, he is stout, he is strong,
 And his heart it is brimful of joy ;
 Like the sweet cooing dove, he is gentle in love,
 Is the rollicking Paddy Molloy.

THE SICK CHILD.

Dear mother, put me in my chair,
 Beside our cottage door,
 For oh, I long so much to see
 The bright green fields once more ;
 The buttercups and daisies wild,
 That in their beauty grow,
 And see the little birds again,
 Once more before I go.

Then place my chair, mother dear,
 Beside our cottage door ;
 Oh ! let me see the daisies wild,
 And bright green fields once more.

I long to see the blossoms white
 Upon the waving trees,
 I long to see the flowers nod,
 And whisper to the breeze ;
 I long to see the streamlet flow,
 And ripple on its shore,
 As in my chair I sit beside
 Our little cottage door.

Then place my chair, mother dear
 Beside our cottage door ;
 Oh ! let me see the waving trees,
 And nodding flowers once more.

Oh ! mother dear, I know that you
 Will often think of me,
 The child whose little span of life
 From pain was never free ;
 But ere unto the better land
 My spirit free doth soar,
 Oh ! put me in my little chair,
 Beside our cottage door.

Then, mother, put me in my chair,
 Beside our cottage door :
 Oh ! let me see the bright blue sky,
 And beauteous earth once more.

DEAD.

I saw a mother, young and fair,
Beside a cradle bed ;
No tiny sleeper nestled there,
Her little babe was dead.
And who shall name the grief that dwelled
Within that mother's eye,
Whilst gazing on the cradle bed
Of her lost baby boy.

I saw her when her beauteous babe,
Played round about her knee,
As from his lips the rippling laugh,
Rolled joyously and free ;
And bright and happy was her face,
As with a mother's joy,
She pressed him to her throbbing heart,
And kissed her lovely boy.

But he is gone, forever gone,
Her grief she cannot check,
She misses now the tiny arms,
That twined about her neck ;
The tiny lips that pressed her own,
And lisped her name with joy,
Are lost to her, and O ! her heart
Is breaking for her boy.

WHY RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Why rail at the world, why con o'er life's troubles,
 A many of which are but as a dream,
 As fleeting and fading, too, as the bubbles,
 That dot for a moment the face of a stream.
 And even the great ones that circle us round,
 As fleeting and fading, too, will be found,
 If we nerve up the will and gird ourselves round,
 To boldly do battle with them.

To unwilling ears 'tis little use preaching,
 Or to the thoughtless, pointing the way,
 They care not a jot how perfect the teaching,
 They laugh you to scorn, and frequently say :
 'Tis easy to talk, you doubtless are right,
 If you look at the thing from your point of sight,
 But had you gone through it, you'd find I was right,
 'Tis useless to talk as you do.

I've seen a great many life's journey starting,
 Whose prospects I'm sure were all that were bright,
 Who from the straight road full soon were departing,
 And plunging themselves into pitious plight.
 Then grumbling full sore, I've heard them complain,
 That things had gone wrong again and again ;
 And I've thought to myself that surely 'twas plain,
 To them that the fault was their own.

TO A FRIEND.

God bless thee in the distant land,
 And guard thee night and day,
 And bring thee back again to friends,
 In earnestness I pray.

It seems an age since last we met,
 Since last this hand of mine,
 Clasped in its warm and friendly grasp,
 That honest hand of thine.

How often do I wish thee back,
 And settled here at home,
 And that in all thy after years,
 Thou never more wilt roam.

Nor tempt again the treacherous wave,
 That took thy friend from thee,
 And found for him a silent grave,
 Beneath the bounding sea.

'The time will pass, altho' it lags,
 And seems a dreadful while,
 But thou wilt be among us yet,
 And we shall see thee smile.

And we shall hear thy cheery voice,
 And press again thy hand,
 And give thee hearty welcome back,
 To this, thy native land.

THE ROSE.

There is a flower of beauty rare,
 To English hearts 'tis dear,
 Among all flowers fresh and fair,
 You cannot find its peer.

A fragrance sweet around it floats,
 Bright tints its leaves disclose,
 And O! my heart in rapture gloats,
 On England's lovely rose.

IN MEMORIAM.

Where the South Pacific Ocean
 Rolls its never tiring wave,
 There, beneath its restless bosom,
 Far from home he found a grave.
 For when night its darkest shadows,
 Cast around on every side,
 On the hidden rock the vessel,
 Struck and sunk beneath the tide.

And but few of those within her
 Lived to tell, with faces white,
 Of the agonizing moments,
 Spent by them that fearful night.
 And they prayed in fear and trembling
 To their God their lives to save,
 And have mercy on their brothers,
 Who that night had found a grave.

COME BACK, MY BELOVED.

Come back, my beloved, once again,
 My heart it is breaking for thee,
 Oh ! take from my bosom the pain
 That's caused by thy absence from me.
 Ah ! why did'st thou fly from my side,
 And leave me in sorrow alone ?
 Fling, fling from thy bosom false pride,
 Come back, my beloved, my own.

Come back, my beloved, once again,
 For wearily time wears away ;
 Nay, let me not plead thus in vain,
 Make thou not a moment's delay.
 Oh ! haste to my side, let me hear
 The tones that are dear tō my heart ;
 Like music fall sweet on my ear,
 Say thou, we shall never more part.
 Come back, my beloved, once again,
 Ere hope from my bosom hath flown,
 Come back, my beloved, once again,
 Ere death shall have claimed me his own.
 Oh ! dearest forget the sad night,
 The words that have given thee pain,
 Oh ! take me once more to thy heart,
 Come back, my beloved, once again.

SPEAK NOT AN UNKIND WORD.

Speak not an unkind word,
 To the beggar at your door,
 Let gentle pity prompt,
 Your speeches to the poor.
 Speak not an unkind word,
 When young folk go astray,
 But use the better means,
 Teach them the better way.
 Speak not an unkind word,
 Though foes should cross your path,
 'Tis said, "A quiet word
 Turneth away all wrath."

Speak not an unkind word,
 Loves' links are oftimes broken,
 Just by a single word,
 That is unkindly spoken.

BE GENTLE.

O gentle be with all mankind,
 Your words be spoken mildly,
 Mankind will ever farther err,
 If raved at rude and wildly.
 Whilst thus I speak, I only seek
 To drop a word in season,
 So never let your passion get
 The mastery o'er your reason.
 Treat every man as tho' he were
 The offspring of one mother,
 The hand of fellowship we each
 Should hold out to the other.
 As thus I speak, I only seek,
 To drop a word in season,
 Oh ! never let your passion get
 The mastery o'er your reason.

JEMMY.

Oh ! stay thy wild beating, my heart,
 Though Jemmy is far, far from me,
 'Twas poverty caused us to part,
 And sent him afar o'er the sea.
 To seek in a strange land a home,
 And a fortune to gain by his toil,
 Oh ! should he succeed he will come,
 And take me to share fortune's smile.
 Over the sea.

How I wept when he bade me farewell,
 And pressed on my lips the fond kiss,
 My sorrow I could not repel,
 For I knew his fond smile I should miss.
 When far in the land of the stranger,
 Sad of heart my poor Jemmy would roam,
 Struggling through trouble and danger,
 To win for his Molly a home.
 Over the sea.

Oft I wake with the tears in my eyes,
 After dreaming the whole night away,
 From my pillow in sorrow I rise,
 But to sigh through the whole of the day ;
 For my Jemmy to haste back again,
 Then we'll bid dear old Ireland farewell,
 And journey afar o'er the main,
 In the land of the stranger to dwell.
 Over the sea.

AMY.

Amy, my darling, I'm waiting for thee,
 In the lane by the old garden gate ;
 Hasten, my loved one, Oh ! hasten to me,
 Ah ! why do'st thou linger so late ?
 The stars glitter bright in the blue sky above,
 The breeze whispers sweet through each tree ;
 I'm lonely without thee, hasten my love,
 Dear Amy, I'm waiting for thee.

Amy, my darling, I'm waiting for thee,
 I am waiting to bid thee adieu ;
 For e'er the morn dawns, far away on the sea
 I shall be my own darling, from you.
 But, O dearest girl, though I must haste away,
 The prayer of my heart it shall be,
 That all may be well by night and by day,
 And bring me safe back dear to thee
 Amy, my darling, thou art with me at last,
 I knew thou would'st come at my call ;
 And now to the winds all my troubles I cast,
 I have thee, my treasure, my all.
 What, though we must part for awhile, dear girl,
 And grieve that the parting must be,
 I shall come back again, my heart filled with joy,
 To be reunited to thee.

VERSES.

The glories of an Autumn day,
 Was changing into twilight grey,
 When resting by a purling stream,
 I revelled in a waking dream ;
 As memory in colours bright,
 Brought glowing pictures to my sight,
 Of scenes long past, when young and gay,
 Life seemed but one long summer's day.
 And, O ! those pictures of the past,
 Had power around me still to cast,
 Their lurements and to give me joy,
 That while I dreamed had no alloy.

But Ah ! a shadow crossed my sight,
 And for a moment hid the light ;
 This broke the spell, my vision fled,
 And joy had from my bosom sped.
 Had hope not shown its beacon light,
 And give my spirit strength to fight,
 The battle that I knew must be
 E'er I attained a victory.
 For well I knew there was in store,
 For me full many a trial sore,
 Which must be faced with courage true,
 If I would fight and conquer, too.
 How time has sped since that fair day,
 I by the purling river lay,
 And revelled in the waking dream,
 That kindled in my soul joy's beam ;
 Till came the shadow that foretold,
 The need of courage true and bold,
 To meet the trials that must be,
 If the trammelled soul would be free.
 I never yet have stopped to mourn,
 But fought each trial in its turn,
 And will, whate'er the future bring,
 On time's fleeting tireless wing.

NINA.

Nina, my loved one, though far, far away,
 My true heart is ever with thee ;
 Heed not what lovers around thee may say,
 For true as the stars will I be,

Where e'er I may roam, throught the world, dear girl,
 In the years that keep us apart,
 The love that thou gavest me I'll cherish for aye,
 In the innermost depths of my heart.
 Doest thou think of our rambles, my darling,
 Through the meadows that border the stream?
 Doest thou think of the love tales we whispered,
 O'er which 'tis too pleasant to dream?
 Doest thou mind how we lingered at parting,
 How often we whispered good-night?
 Doest thou think of our love kiss, my darling,
 That thrilled every nerve with delight?
 Nina, my loved one, I sigh for the time,
 Shall hasten me back unto thee;
 Then never again that sad word farewell,
 Shall be whispered, my own one, by me.
 We will seek some fair spot hid from the world,
 Where life may in peace onward glide;
 Seeking to be all in all, each to each,
 'Till with angels we stand side by side.

I MET HER.

I met a maiden as I strayed,
 Beside a rippling stream,
 Just as the sun far in the west
 Gave earth its parting beam.
 Her face was fair to look upon,
 Her form of Venice mould;
 She'd bright blue eyes and red ripe lips,
 And hair like burnished gold.

She smiled on me, I spoke to her,
 We chatted till we came
 Close to a cottage, when she said,
 Good-bye, sir, this is home.

I loved the maiden that I met,
 With honest heart and true ;
 And that I strove to win her love,
 Full well the maiden knew.
 For eve by eve I met with her,
 And we strolled side by side ;
 At length I knew I'd won her heart,
 And she would be my bride.
 And who shall tell the happiness
 That filled my throbbing breast,
 As in my eager outstretched arms,
 Her yielding form I pressed.

And she I loved became my wife,
 We took the holy vow,
 And joy indeed has filled our life,
 From that glad time 'till now.
 For she is ever by my side,
 To cheer me with her smile ;
 To share each trouble that may come,
 And me from care beguile.
 What though grey hairs mix with the gold,
 And wrinkles mark her brow,
 Though deep my love has ever been,
 'Tis deeper, purer now.



